



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

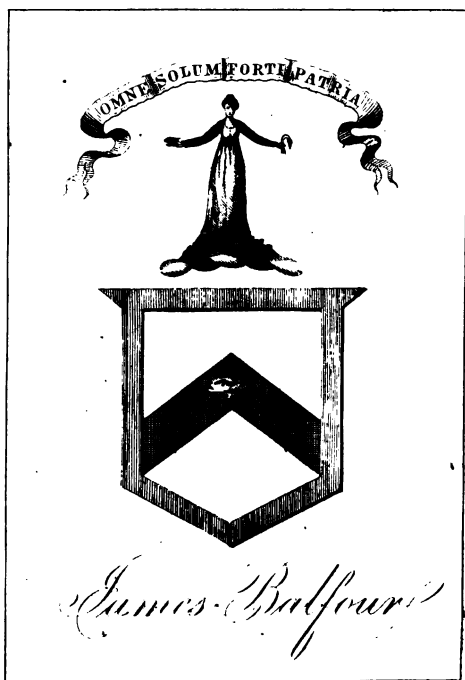
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





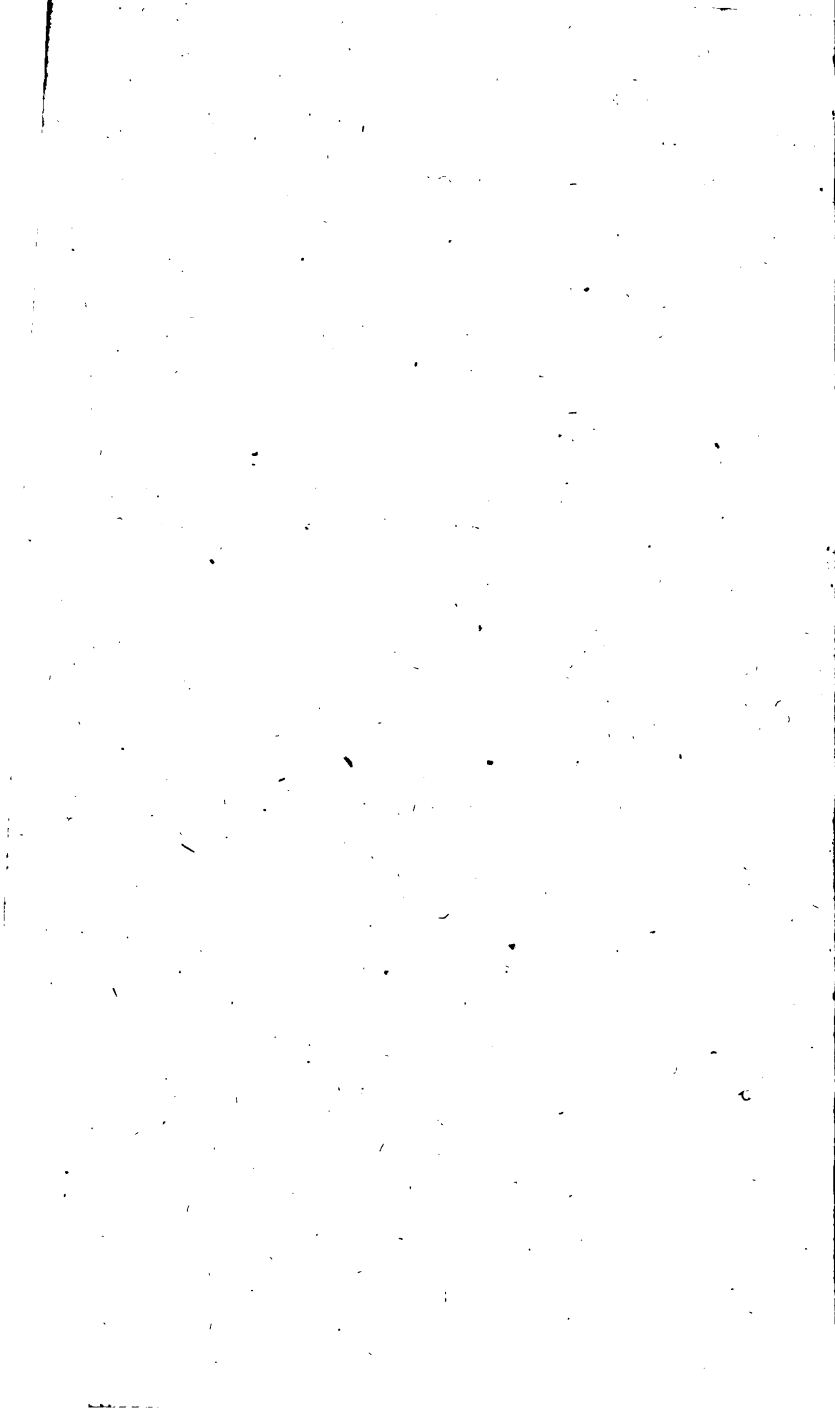
on B 360

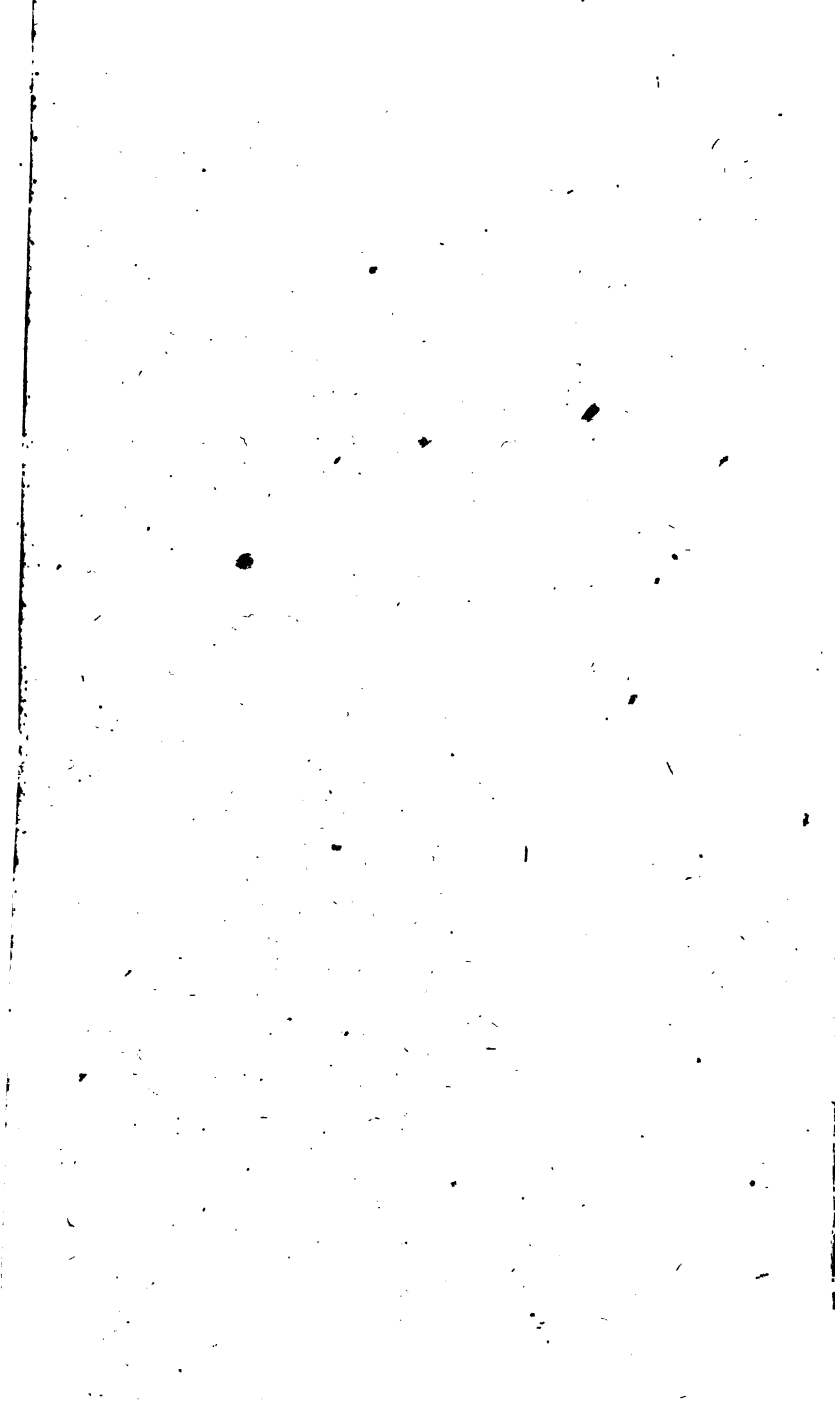
This is a fair copy, not
mentioned by "Gardner".

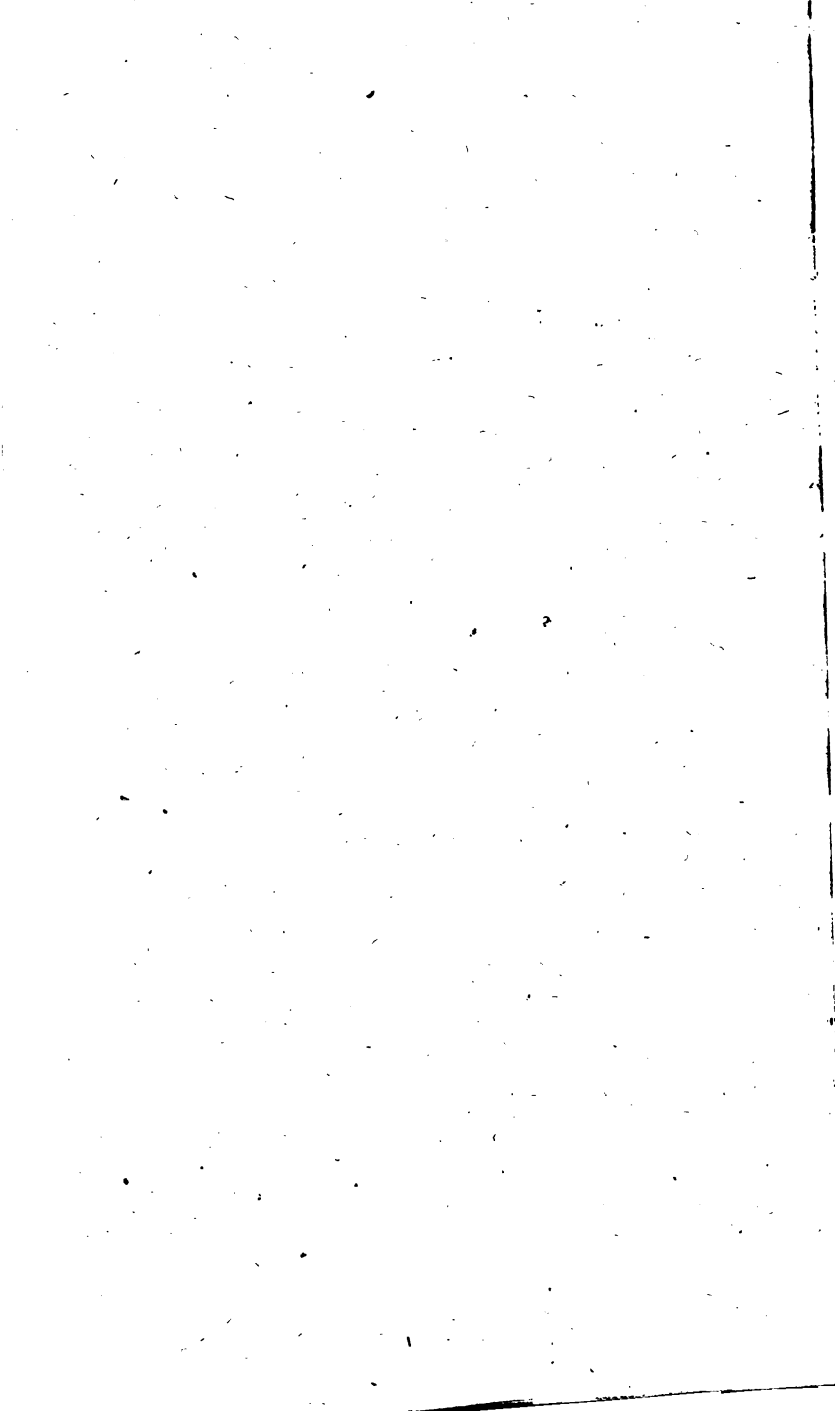
The "Gardner" copy of the
is assigned only by the
1774 - it is curious, but
the other (1774) - are not
by the same hand. The
The 3d part is a copy of the
the first edition. Printed in
1774.

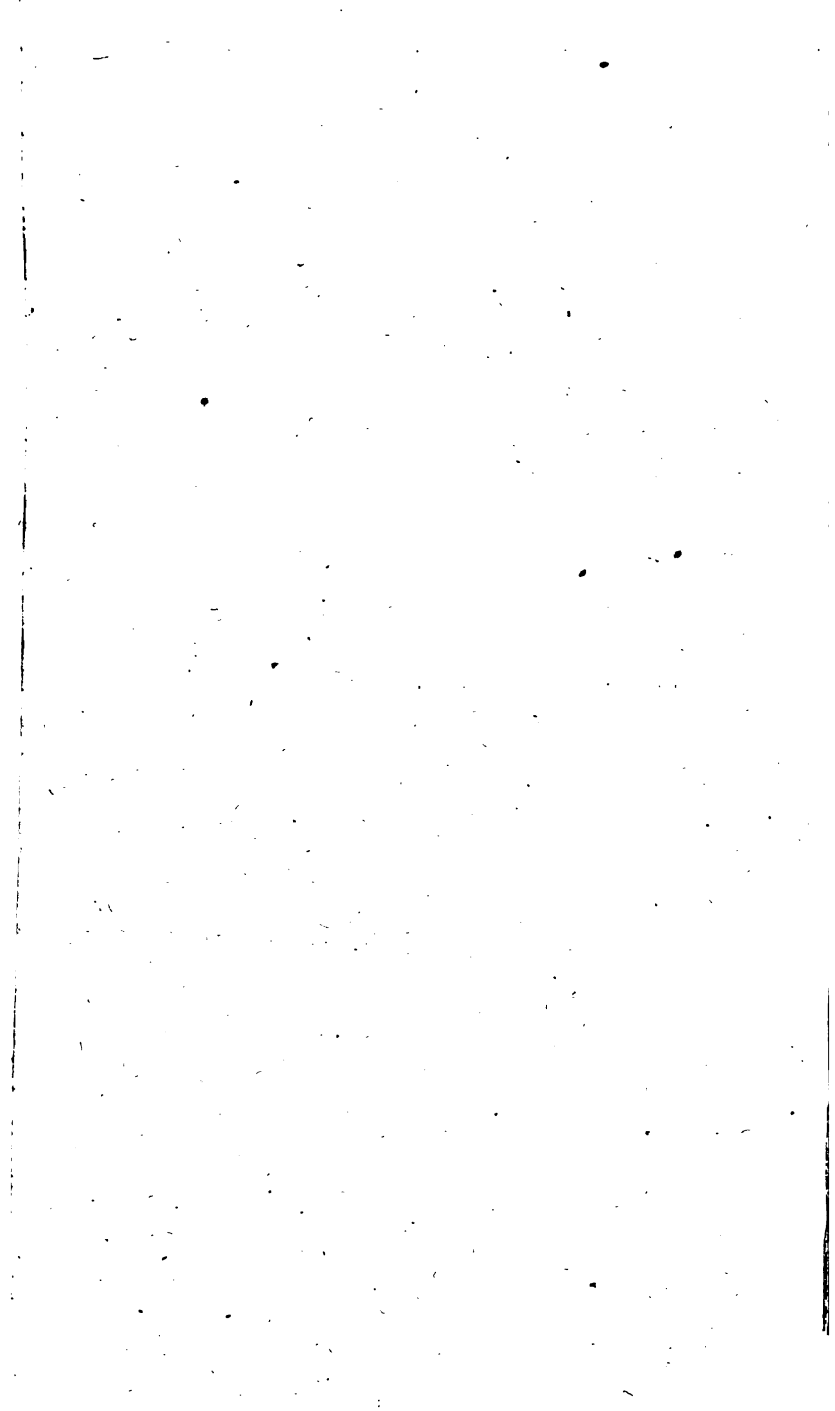
Basil H. Lee Esq. has
made a copy of the
of the 1774 edition.

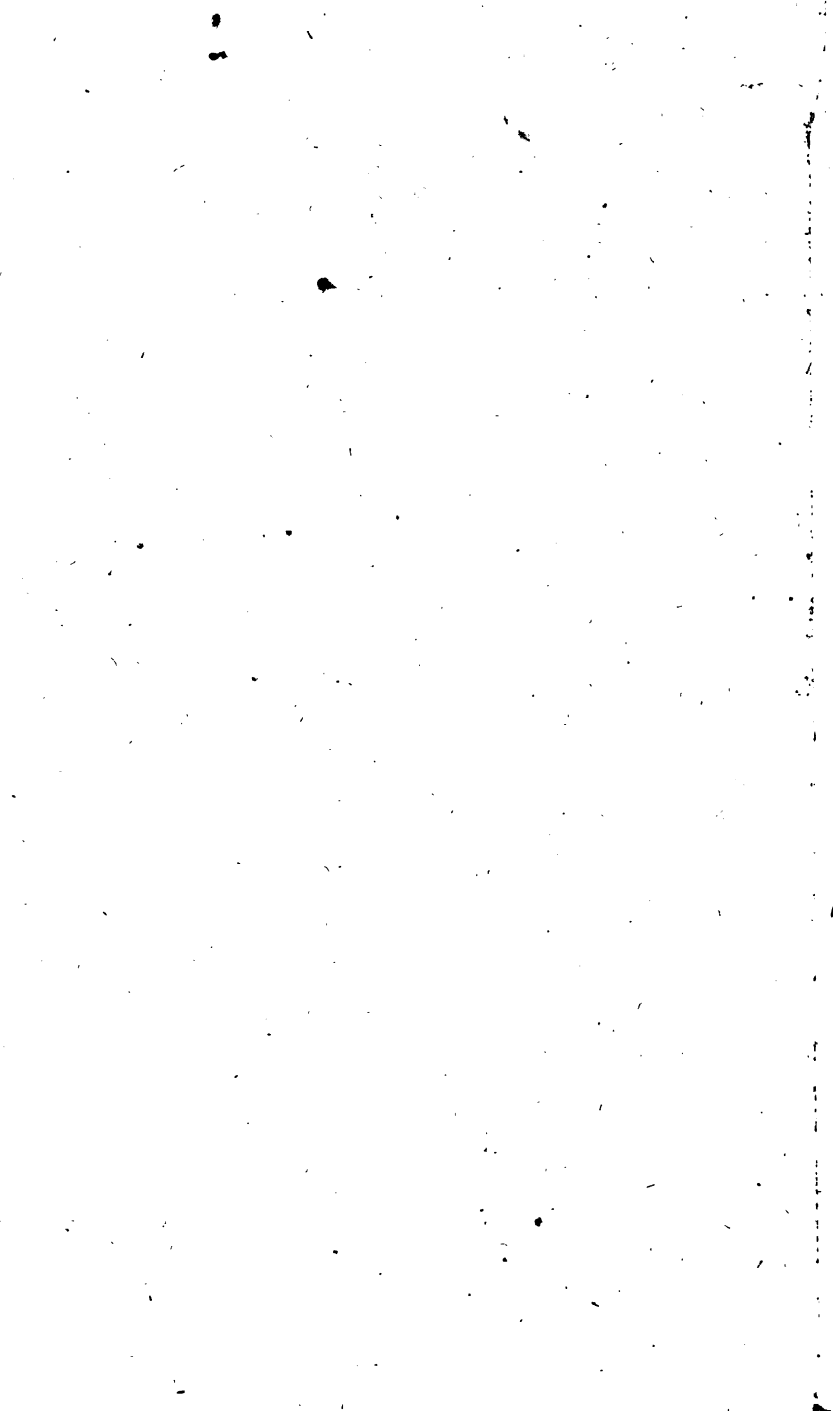
This is the second Ed. 2











HUDIBRAS.

The First. P A R T.

WRITTEN

John Andrew Aggrey
In the Time of the

14th
Late Wars.

Corrected and Amended,

J. Smith With Several

ADDITIONS and ANNOTATIONS.

L O N D O N: *T*

Printed by E. P. for Geo. Sawbridge, in
Little-Britain, 1704.



T O T H E

READER.

POeta nascitur non fit, is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is insufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Natural Genius, and Propensity to so Noble and Sublime an Art. And we may without Offence observe that many very Learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themselves Obnoxious to that Satyrical Inspiration, our Author wittily invokes ;

Which made them, though it were
in spight
Of Nature, and their Stars to write.

To the READER.

On the other side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large share of Natural Wit and Parts, have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they lived in. But as these last are Raræ Aves in Terris, so when the Muses have not disdained the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bless'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with Horace, have said,

Shakespear, D'Avenant, &c.

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius ;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax
abolere Vetustas.

To the READER.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this last Composition; for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.

Rapin (in his Reflections) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet; tells us, he must have a Genius extraordinary, great Natural Gifts, a Wit Just, Fruitful, Piercing, Solid, and Universal; an Understanding, clean and distinct; an Imagination, neat and pleasant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must be sustain'd by a lively Sense and Vivacity; Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the Beautiful Expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and those of nicer Judgments, who

To the READER.

had the Happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem, is so thoroughly establish'd in the World, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his Conversation: However, since most Men have a Curiosity to have some Account of such Anonymous Authors, whose Compositions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been desir'd to oblige them with such Informations, as I could receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectifie the Mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, concerning him.

To the READER.

T H E AUTHOR'S LIFE.

SAmuel Butler, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was born in the Parish of Strensham in the County of Worcester, and Baptized there the 13th of Feb. 1612. His Father, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Mannor where he lived. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early inclination to Learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the Free-School at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright, where having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University; his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education, so that our Author returned soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-Croom, an

To the READER.

Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd some years in an easie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatsoever Learning his Inclinations lead him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry, to which for his Diversion, he join'd Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family, which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art, for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of Learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the Great Mr. Selden.

Our Author liv'd some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an Ancient Family in Bedfordshire, but, to his Dispo-

To the READER.

Dishonour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, and then it was, as I am inform'd, he Composed this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate more than Choice seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks; yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those Living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisie, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restoration of King Charles II. those who were at the Helm minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself;

*Hand facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta Domi:*

And

To the READER.

*And being endued with that Innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts ; he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported : She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Security, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge ; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that Mecænas of all Learned and Witty Men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, now Earl of Dorset and Middlesex ; who, being himself an excellent Poet, knew
how*

To the READER.

how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them, of which our Author was a signal Instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had render'd him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And he having thus liv'd to a good Old Age, Admir'd by all, though personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buryed at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L--vil of the Temple, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, at the West-end of the said Yard, on the
North.

To the READER.

North-side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall, which parts the Yard from the Common Highway. And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the Poet, as the Author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me:

And though no Monument can claim
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;
This Work, which n'er will die, shall be
An Everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof, is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, Murdered the best of Kings, to Introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisie, Novelty, and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us, and overthrow our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make way for

To the READER.

for their Blessed Anarchy and Confusion, which at last ended in Tyranny. But since, according to the Proverb, None are so blind, as they that will not see; so those who are not resolv'd to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories of Mr. Fowlis of Presbytery, Mr. Walker of Independency; but more especially to that Incomparable History lately Published, wrote by Edward late Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiass'd Person, that his general Characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wish, these Times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular Persons reflected on, which are not commonly known; and some old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the unlearned Readers, to explain them in some Additional Annotations, at the end of this Part.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Success,

To the READER.

cess, I leave the Readers to Judge; in the Year (63) there came out a Spurious Book, called, The Second Part of Hudibras, which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of Whachum, towards the latter end of his Second Part: Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same Nature, which compar'd with this, (Virgil Travesty excepted) deserve only to be condemn'd, ad Ficum & Piperem; or if you please, to more base and servile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into Latin, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the English Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity that understands them to Judge. The following Simile's I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. Harmar, once Greek Professor at Oxon.

So Learned Taliacotius from, &c.

*Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris, doctâ secuit Taliacotius Arte:
Qui potuere parem durando æquare Parentem.
At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympathicum cœpit tabescere Rostrum.*

To the READER.

So Wind in th' Hypochondres pent, &c.

Sic Hypochondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum,
Sed si summa petat, montisque invaserit arcem
Divinus furor est, & conscia Flamma futuri.

So Lawyers least the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum mystæ, nè forsan Pax foret, Ursam
Inter furantem sese, Actoremque Molossam;
Faucibus Injiciunt clavos dentisque refiunt
Luctantesq; canes coxis, coxendisque revellunt,
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen
utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia trudent.

*There are some Verses, which for Reason of
State, easie to be guess'd at, were thought fit
to be omitted in the first Impression, as these
which follow;*

Did not the Learned Glyn and Maynard,
To make good Subjects Traitors strain hard,
Was not the King by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation,

*And now I heartily wish I could gratifie your
farther Curiosity with some of those Golden
Remains; which are in the Custody of
Mr. Longuevil; but not having the Hap-
piness*

To the READER.

pineſts to be very well acquainted with him, nor Intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the Author himſelf.

No Jeſuit e'er took in Hand,
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while,
A *Swede* or *Ruſs* to reconcile.
For where there is no ſtore of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;
Spain in *America*, had two Deſigns
To ſell their Goſpel for their Mines.
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
Which had they wanted Gold, they ſtill had
wanted.

. The Oxford Antiquary aſcribes to our Author two Pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſly, as he ſays, to be William Pryn's. The one entitled, *Mola Aſinaria*, or the Unreaſonable and Inſupportable Burthen, preſſ'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation, &c. London 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other two Letters, one from John Audland a Quaker to Will. Pryn, the other Pryn's Answer in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

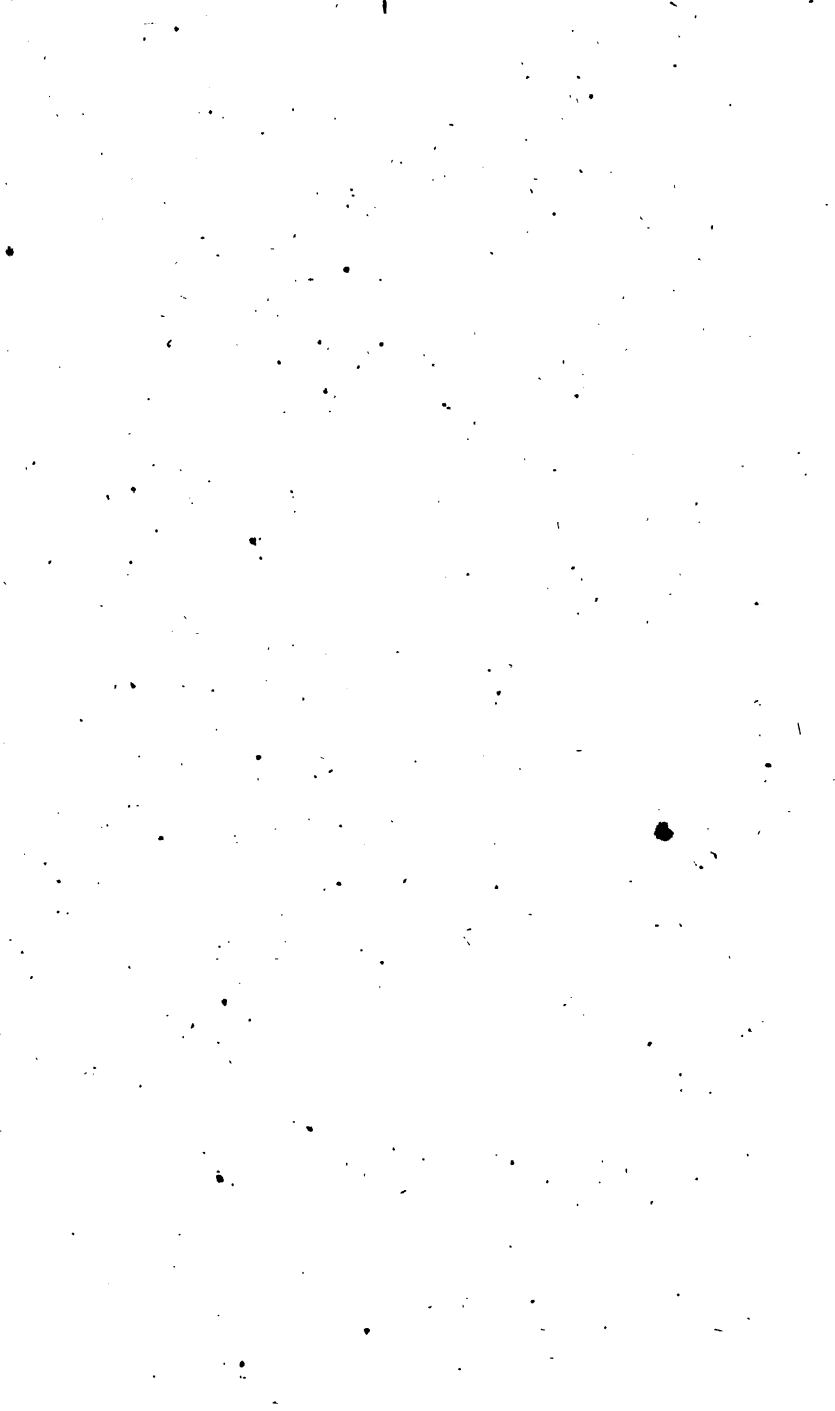
To the READER.

*I have also seen a small Poem of one
Sheet in Quarto, on Du Vall a Noto-
rious High-way-man, said to be wrote by
our Author, but how truly, I know not.*

Inimitable Butler's dead, Alas !
None that survive, can equal *Hu-
dibras.*

A

The



HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he fall'd forth :
His Arms and Equipage are shown ;
His Horse's Vertue, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the hear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

CANTO I.

When civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why:
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
Set folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :
 When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded,
 With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded,
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
 VVas beat with Fist, instead of a Stick :
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a Colonelling.

A VVight he was whose very fight wou'd
 Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood* ;
 That never bent his f^orn Knee
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
 Right VVorshipful on Shoulder-blade :
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
 Either for Chartel or for VVarrant :
 Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
 (Some Rats of Amphibious Nature,
 Are either for the Land or VVater.)

But

But here our Authors make a Doubt,
 Whether he were more Wise, or Stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But howsoe'er they make a Pother,
 The difference was so small, his Brain
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain.
 Which made some take him for a Tool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool ;
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
 Complains she thought him but an Ass,
 Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,
 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight
 To all his Challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such,
 VVe grant altho' he had much VVit,
 H' was very shie of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on Holy-Days, or so,
 As Men their best Apparel do.

Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek :
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one Word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren Ground,
He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd :
And truly so, he was perhaps,
Not as a Profelyte but for Claps.
He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could distinguish, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South West* side :
On either which he would dispute,
Confute' change hands, and still confute,
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.

He'd

He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
 And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Trustees*.

He'd run in-Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.
 All this by Syllogism, true
 In Mood and Figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not open
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
 And when he hap'ned to break off
 I' th' middle of his Speech, or enough,
 H' had hard Words, ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.

Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.

For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A *Babylonish* Dialect,

Which learned Pedants much affect.

It was a Parti-colour'd Dress
 Of patch'd and Pye-ball'd Languages :
 'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Like *Fustian* heretofore on *Satin*.
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one,
 Which made some think when he did gabble
 Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel* ;
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly to support that Charge
 He had Supplies as vast and large.
 For he could coyn or counterfeit
 New words with little or no Wit :
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on.
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The Ignorant for current took 'em.
 That had the Orator who once
 fill his Mouth with Pebble stones
 Of Ar

When

When he harangu'd ; but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater* :
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale* ;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents straight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' Day
The Clock does strike by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher* ;
And had read every Text and Glo's over ;
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b'implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for ;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore* :
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong :
They might be either said or sung.

His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghost of defunct Bodies fly ;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly.
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable* ;
A second *Thomas* or at once
To name them all, another *Duns*.
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all,
For he a Rope of Sand could twist
As tough as Learned *Sorbonist*.
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
That's empty when the Moon is full ;

Such

Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let Unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with Doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what Degree it lies:
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
Below the Moon, or else above it.
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:

Whe-

Whether the Serpent at the Fall
 Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.
 All this without a Gloss, or Comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment
 In proper terms, such as Men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the Matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
 To match his Learning and his Wit :
 'Twas *Presbyterian* true Blew,
 For he was of that stubborn Crew
 Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
 To be the true Church *Militant* :
 Such as do build their Faith upon
 The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun* ;
 Decide all Controversies by
 Infallible *Artillery* ;
 And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
 By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;
 Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
 A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done ;

As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss :
More peevish, cross, and spleenetick,
Than Dog distract, or Monky sick.
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way :
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to ;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spight.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other Men all Sin,
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,

Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge*
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
 And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*.
 Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
 Like *Mahomet's*, were *Afs* and *Widgeon*,
 To whom our Knight by fast Instinct
 Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
 As if Hypocrisie and Non-sence
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
 Both of his *WV*isdom and his Face;
 In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
 A sudden View it would beguile:
 The upper part thereof was *WV*hey,
 The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
 This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns;

With grizly Type did represent
Declining Age of Government ;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue ;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfal.
It was Monastick, and did grow
In holy Orders by strict Vow ;
Of Rule as fullen and severe,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere* :
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdom with Resolution ;
T' oppose it self against the Hate
And Vengeance of th' incens'd State :
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and Martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last.

But

But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate
 A Sacrifice to fall of State ;
 Whose Thred of Life the fatal Sisters,
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 Both down together at a Blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
 The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
 Cut supplemental Noses, which
 Would last as long as Parent Breech :
 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
 Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, show'd
 As if it stoopt with its own Load.
 For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire :
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back :

Which

Which now had almost got the Upper-
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
 To poize this equally, he bore
 A *Paunch* of the same Bulk before :
 Which still he had a special Care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare ;
 As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
 Such as a Country-house affords ;
 With other Victual, which anon
 We further shall dilate upon,
 When of his Horse we come to treat,
 The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
 And though not Sword, yet Cudgel proof ;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use,
 That fear'd no Blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen.
 And had been at the Siege of *Bullen* ;
 To old King *Harry* so well known,
 Some Writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,

And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.
For, as we said, He always chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose,
That often tempted Rats and Mice,
The Ammunition to surprize :
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood,
And till th'were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt ;
And though Knights Errant,* as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
And Regions desolate they past,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of there Provision on Record :
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs, but to fight.

'Tis false : for *Arthur* wore in Hall
 Round Table like a Farthingal,
 On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before his good Knights din'd.
 Though 'twas no Table some suppose,
 But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose ;
 In which he carry'd as much Meat
 As he and all his Knights could eat,
 When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
 They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons,
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress ;
 As Learned Authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant *Sword* unto his side
 Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
 With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
 And serve for Fight and Dinner both.
 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
 To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
 He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.

The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of Fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into it self, for lack
Of some Body to hew and hack.
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt :
For of the lower End two Handful ;
It had devoured, 'twas so Manful ;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in Case,
As if it durst not shew its Face.
In many desperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading Shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his Age :
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging,

When

When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast. Cheese or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap 'twould not care,
'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.

It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same Score :

In th' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Pistols he did stow,
Among the Surplus of such Meat
As in his Horse he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i' th' Horse
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.

But first with nimble, active Force

He got on th' outside of his Horse,

For having but one Stirrup ty'd
 T' his Saddle, on the further side,
 It was so short h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate Toe.
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to his Saddle Eaves.
 From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
 With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own Weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on Tail and Main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something,
 Of that which bore our Valiant *Bumkin*.

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of wall;
 I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none,
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State.

At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
 Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt :
 And yet so fiery he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :
 That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
 Was not by half so tender hooft,
 Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.
 And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
 (Some write) to take his Rider up :
 So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
 Would often do, to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of Leather was upon his Back :
 For that was hidden under Pad,
 And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
 His strutting Ribs on Both sides shew'd
 Like Furrows he himself had plow'd :
 For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
 Twixt every two there was a Channel
 His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
 Which on his Rider he would flurt,

Still as his tender Side he prickt,
 With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an Arse.

A *Squire* he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,
 That in th' Adventure went his half.

Though Writers, for more stately Tone,
 Do call him *Ralph*, 'tis all one ;

And when we can with Meeter safe,
 We'll call him so, if not, plain *Raph* ;

(For Rhyhme the Rudder is of Verses, [ses.]

With which, like Ships, they steer their Cour-
 An equal stock of Wit and Valour.

He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.

The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd

With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land.

Did leave it with a Castle fair

To his great Ancestor, her Heir :

From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,

Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights

Against

Against the bloody Canibal,
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire, that had as well
 As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
 Not with a counterfeited Pass
 Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
 His *Knowledge* was not far behind
 The Knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't,
 Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New Light*.
 A liberal Art, that costs no Pains
 Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
 His wits were sent him for a Token,
 But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
 Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
 With to and from my Love, it lookt,
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
 To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth ;
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too.

For Saints themselves will sometimes be
 Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
 Prolongers to enlightned Stuff,
 He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a Needle ;
 For as of Vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their Way :
 What e'er Men speak by this *New Light*,
 Still they are sure to be i'th right.
 'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it:
 A Light that falls down from on high,
 For Spiritual Trades to cozen by :
 An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
 To make them *dip* themselves, and found
 For *Christendom* in dirty Pond ;
 To dive, like Wild-fowl, for Salvation,
 And fish to catch Regeneration.
 This Light inspires, and plays upon
 The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,
 And

And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,
Such Language as no mortal Ear
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phæbus*, or some Friendly Muse
Into Small Poets Song infuse ;
Which they at second-hand rehearse
Through Reed or Bag-Pipe, Verse for Verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four legg'd Oracle,
The Ancient Cup, or modern Chair ;
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.

For Mystick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
Whose primitive Tradition reaches
As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches :
Deep sighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences ;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
The Intelligible World could say ;
A deep Occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild-Irish* are,

Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
 And solid Lying much renown'd :
 He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood ;
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm ;
 What would do neither good nor harm :
 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.
 He understood the Speech of Birds
 As well as they themselves do words :
 Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean,
 What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *Rode*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water,
 Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wise ;
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest Night,
 Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light
 By help of these. (as he profess)
 He had *First Matter* seen undrest :

He took her naked all alone,
 Before one *Rag* of *Form* was on.
 The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
 Not that of Past-board, which Men shew
 For Groats at Fair of *Bartholmew* ;
 But its great Granfire, first o'th' Name.
 VVhence that and *Reformation* came
 Both Cousin Germans, and right able
 T' Inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
 But *Reformation* was some say,
 O' th' younger House to *Puppet-play*.
 He could foretels whatever was
 By consequence to come to pass.
 As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
 Diseases, Battels, Inundations,
 All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
 Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
 By inward Light, a way as good,
 And easie to be understood.
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the Stars depose,

Like

Like Khighths o' th' Post, and falsly charge
 Upon themselves what others forge :
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischief in the World Men do :
 Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
 To Rogheries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a Planet's House, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a House below :
 Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
 Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon :
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very Look can guess,
 And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
 They'll question *Mars*, and by his look
 Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke :
 Make *Mercury* confess, and peach
 Those Thieves which he himself did teach
 They'll find i' th' Physiognomies
 O' th' Planets, all Mens Destinies.
 Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' *Pill*.

Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
 And from Positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the Moment
 Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the Stars,
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
 And tell what *Crisis* does Divine
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
 In Men what gives or Cures the Itch,
 What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich?
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves;
 But not what Wise, for only of those
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians,
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
 The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' Accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire jump more right.

Their

Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
 As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit,
 Their Valours too were of a Rate,
 And out they sally'd at the Gate,
 Few Miles on Horseback had they jogged,
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
 For they a sad Adventure met,
 Of which we now prepare to Treat :
 But e'er we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned Poets use,
 Invoke th' Assistance of some *Muse* ;
 However Criticks count it sillier
 Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
 We think 'tis no great Matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.
 Thou that with Ale viler Liquors,
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
 And force them, though it were in spight
 Of Nature, and their Stars, to write ;

Who,

Who, as we find in fullen Writs,
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, Pen'd
B' himself, or Wit-ensuring Friend ;
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make Men scribble without Skill ;
Canst make a Poet spight of Fate,
And teach all People to translate ;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no Part of Speech.
Assist me but this once, I'mpleare,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In VVestern Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known.
Therefore there needs no more be fed here,
VVe unto them refer our Reader ;
For brevity is very good,
VVhen w' are or are not understood.

To this Town People did repair
 On days of Market, or of Fair;
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,
 In Merriment did drudge and labor:
 But now a Sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
 'Twas an old way of Recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*.
 A bold advent'rous Exercise,
 With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From *Isthmian*, or *Nemean* Game.
 Others derive it from the *Bear*
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 A Circle, like a Bear at Stake,
 That at the Chain's End wheels about,
 And over-turns the Rabble-Rout,
 For after Solemn Proclamation
 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)

That

That none presume to come so near
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear ;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy ;
 If they come wounded off and lame,
 No Honour's got by such a Maïm,
 Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In Honour to make good his Ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know at their own Cost
 That he intends to keep his Post.
 This to prevent, and other Harms,
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
 (For in the Hurry of a Fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
 Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
 To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear* ;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In Conscience and Commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;
 We that are wisely mounted higher

Than Constables, in Curule Wit,
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,
 Like Speculators should foresee,
 From *Pharos* of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther then
 Low Proletarian Tithing Men.
 And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;
 For so of late Men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same ;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere*.)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,
 And try if we by Mediation
 Of Treaty and Accommodation
 Can end the Quarrel, and compose
 The bloody Duel, without Blows.
 Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
 The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
 Enough at once to lye at stake
 For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* Sake ?

But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
 As well as we must venture theirs ?
 This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
 By *evil Counsel* is fomented ;
 There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
 (Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
 A deep Design in't to divide
 The well affected that confide,
 By setting Brother against Brother,
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not Enemies *plus satis*,
 That *Cane & Angue pejus* hate us ?
 And shall we turn our Fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves without Cause ?
 That some occult Design doth ly
 In bloody *Cynardlomachy*,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
 I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
 But sure some Mischief will come of it ?
 Unless by Providential Wit,
 Or Force, we averruncate it.

For what Design, what Interest
 Can Beast have to encounter Beast ?
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail *Privilege*, *Fundamental Laws* ;
 Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
 Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation* ;
 Nor for free *Liberty of Conscience*,
 Nor *Lords and Commons Ordinances* ;
 Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
 To get them in their own no Hands ;
 Nor *evil Confellours* to bring
 To justice that seduce the King ;
 Nor for the *Worship of us Men*,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' *Aegyptians* worship'd *Dogs* and, for
 Their Faith made internecine War.
 Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
 For that *Church* suffer'd *Martyrdome*.
 The *Indian* fought for the *Truth*
 Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's Tooth* :
 And many, to defend that Faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.

But

But no Beast ever was so slight,
 For Man, as for his God to fight.
 They have more Wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
 'Tis our Example that instills
 In them th' Infection of our Ills.
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.
 Just so, by our Example; Cattel
 Learn to give one another Battel.
 We read, in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Bretheren*,
 They sow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their Ears :
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
 The point seems very plain to be.

It is an Antichristian Game,
 Unlawful both in Thing and Name.
 First for the *Name*, the word *Bear-Baiting*
 Is carnal, and of Man's creating :
 For certainly there's no such Word
 In all the *Scripture* on Record,
 Therefore unlawful, and a Sin ;
 And so is (secondly) the *Thing*.
 A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by *Scripture* than
Provincial, Classick, National ;
 Mere Human Creature-Cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, It is Idolatrous.
 For when Men run a-whoring thus
 With their Inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
 It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,
 No less than worshiping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat* ;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
 For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st,
 Be true *ad amissum* as thou say'st,

(For

(For that *Bear-Baiting* should appear

Jure Divino lawfuller

Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,

Totidem verbis, so do I)

Yet there's a Fallacy in this,

For if by fly *Homæofis*,

Tussis pro crepitu, an Art

Under a Cough to slur a F---t

Thou wouldst Sophistically imply

Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt

But *Bear-Baiting* may be made out

In Gospel times, as lawful as is

Provincial or *Parochial Classis* :

And that both are so near of Kin,

And like in all, as well as Sin ,

That put them in a Bag and shake 'em,

Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,

And not know which is which, unless

You measure by their Wickedness :

For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether

O' th' two is worst, though I name neither,

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able too keep touch.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Idest, to make a Leek a Cabbage;

Thou'lt be at best but *such a Bull*

Or Shear Swine, All Cry and no Wool ;

For what can *Synods* have at all

With *Bears* that's Analogical ?

Or what relation has debating

Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-Baiting* ?

A just Comparison still is,

Of things *ejusdem generis*.

And then what *Genus* rightly doth

Include and comprehend them both ?

If *Animal*, both of us may

As justly pass for *Bears* as they.

For we are Animals no less,

Although of different *Specieses*.

But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit Place,

Nor Time to argue out the Case :

For now the Field is not far off,

Where we must give the World a Proof

Of

Of Deeds, not Words, and such as fute
 Another manner of Dispute.
 A Controversy that affords
 Actions for Arguments, not Words :
 Which we must manage at a Rate
 Of Prowess and Conduct; adæquate
 To what our Place and Fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 W' are slur'd and outed by Success :
 Success, the mark no mortal VVit,
 Or surest hand can always hit :
 For whatsoe'r we perpetrate,
 VVe do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
 VVhich in Success oft disinherits,
 For spurious Causes, noblest Merits.
 Great Actions are not always true Sons
 Of great and mighty Resolutions :
 Nor do the Bold'st Attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their Worth ?
 But some times fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and Cowardice succeed.

Yet

Yet we have no great Cause to doubt
Our Actions still have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be so ample,
We need not Copy from Example;
We're not the only Person durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a Val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in Fight,;
And wound a Fidler : we have both
Of these the Objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt of Victory to come.
Tis sung, there is a Valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd-----
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Person, Parts Address, and BearJ;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought;
He oft in such Attempts as these
Came off with Glory and Success,
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Resolution.

Honour

Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on :
With entring manfully, and urging,
Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours, with rusty Steel did smite
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch ;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.
So have I seen with armed Heel,
A Wight bestride a *Common-weal* ;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the fullen Jade has stirr'd

The ARGUMENT of the
SECOND C A N T O.

*The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies best Men of War ;
Whom, in a bold Harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight :
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner ;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.*

C A N T O II.

THere was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the World, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love* :
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battles* ?
O' th' first of these w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter :
In which to do the injur'd Right,
We mean in what concerns just fight.

Certes

Certes our Authors are too blame,
For to make some well-sounding Name,
A Pattern fit for modern Knights
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze'
To build a Palace in the Place.)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many Ingredient Talors
Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors,
So a while *Tartar* when he spies
A Man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in Fight,
And mow'd o'rthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy Case, no doubt,
A Man should have his Brains beat out,
Because

Because he's tall, and has large Bones ;
 As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
 But as for our Part, we shall tell
 The naked Truth of what befell ;
 And as an equal Friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
 VVith neither Faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due Desert :
 And never coin a formal Lie on't,
 To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.
 This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
 And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
 Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
 (That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,
 As they do term't, or *Succussion*)
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how,
 Yet some from subtle Hints have got
 Mysterious Light, it was a Trot.
 But let that pass : They now begun
 To spur their living Engines on.

for as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold are Animals :
So Horses they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from Engines,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, and as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which the Enemy did then Incamp on.
The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren :
Who now began to take the Field
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick -back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Raif'd on his aged Beast could see :
Yet not sufficient to descry
All Postures of the Enemy,

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further
To observe their Numbers and their Order.
That when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for martial Deed :
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward ;
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His Death charg'd Pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.
These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord :
And after many a painful Pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then shook himself to see that Prowels
In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose ;
And rais'd upon his desperate Foot,
On Stirrup side he gaz'd about.
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.

Ralpho rode on with no less Speed
 Than *Hugo* in the Forest did,
 But far more in returning made,
 For now the Foe he had survey'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With *Van*, main Battel, Wings and Rear.

In th' Head of all this VVarlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able :
 Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
 That makes the Warriors Stomach come,
 VVhose Noise whets Valour sharp like Beer
 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar.
 (For if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,
 Who has not a Month's Mind to combat ?)
 A squeaking Engine he apply'd
 Unto his Neck, on North-East side,
 Just where the Hangman does dispose
 To special Friends the fatal Noose :
 For 'tis Great Grace when *Statesmen* strait
 Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
 His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings.
 Which was but *Souce* to Chitterlings :

For Guts, some write, e'er they are sodden,
 Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden :
 From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.
 His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
 With which he strung his Fiddle-stick :
 For he to Horse-Tayl scorn'd to ow,
 For what on his own Chin did grow,
Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
 A Beard and Tail of his own Growth ;
 And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his Beard.
 In *Staffordshire* where Virtuous Worth
 Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth ;
 Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
 And Ruler, o'er the Men of String ;
 (As once in *Perfia*, 'tis said, [neigh'd)
 Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horse that
 He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
 By Chance of War was beaten down,
 And wounded sore : his *Leg* then broke,
 Had got a Deputy of Oke :

For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
 The Knee with one of Timber's propt;
 Esteem'd more Honourable than the other,
 And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
 Wise Conduct, and Success in War:
 A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear,
 With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-Head,
 The Warrior to the Lists he led;
 With solemn March, and stately Pace,
 But far more grave and solemn Face:
 Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
 Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.
 This Leader was of Knowledge great,
 Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
 He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well.
 So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
 And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,

To let them breath a while, and then
 Cry wohop, and set them on agen.
 As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
 Of many a fierce and bloudy Fray ;
 Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
 In Military Garden-*Paris*.

For Soldiers heretofore did grow
 In Gardens, just as Weeds do now ;
 Util some splay-foot Politicians
 T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
 For licensing a new Invention
 Th' ad found out, of an Antique Engine,
 To root out all the Weeds that grow
 In publick Gardens at a Blow,
 And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*
 My Friends, that is not to be done,
 Not done ? quo' *Statesmen*; yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easie.
 Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*;
 We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow,

A Drum (quoth *Phæbus*) troth that's true,
 A pretty Invention quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 We are ('tis true) chief President ;
 We such loud Musick do not profess,
 The Devil's Master of that Office,
 Where it must pass, if 't be a Drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply your selves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th' had better have let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin* :
 That which so oft by sundry Writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all Fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
 Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
 None ever acted both Parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier,
 He was of great Descent, and high,
 For Splendor and Antiquity,

And from Celestial Origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
 Not as the antient *Heroes* did,
 Who, that their base Births might be hid,
 (Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
 And that they came in at a Windore)
 Made *Jupiter* himself, and others
 O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
 To get on them a Race of Champions,
 (Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*.)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
 Was his undoubted Ancestor :
 From him his Great Fore-fathers came,
 And in all Ages bore his Name.
 Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
 For by his Side a Pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
 That Wounds 9 Miles point-blank would sol-
 By skilful *Chymist* with great Cost [der,
 Extracted from a Rotten Post;
 But of a Heav'nlier Influence
 Than that which Mountebanks dispense ;
 Though

Though by *Promethean* Fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that Trade.
 For as when Slovens do amiss
 At others Doors by Stool or Piss,
 The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 VWill convey mischief from the Dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong :
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous *Orfin* was endu'd
 VWith Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
 Incomparable : and as the Prince
 Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
 A skilful Leech is better far
 Than half a hundred Men of VVar;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
 VWith Visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a *Saracen*,
 Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own Kin ;

56 CANTO I.

Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as *Heralds cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray,
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by Birth, some Authors write,
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
• Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-German,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when these fail'd he'd suck his Claws,
And quarter himself upon his Paws.

And

And though his Countrey-Men the *Huns*:
Did stew their Meat between their *Bums*,
And th'HorfesBacks, o'er which they Straddle,
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle.
He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw when't came in's Way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller ;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
Of Noble House, a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies
As stout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orfin* oft had been ;
Each striving to deserve the Crown
Of a fav'd Citizen ; the one
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought,
To aid his *Dog* ; both made more stout
By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and Blood ;
But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but Blows ;

Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:
Injur'd to labour, sweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl,
Right many a VVidow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherless, had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy* with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or *Dun Cow* far'd.
VVith greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before and Stings behind,
Subdu'd : as Poets say, long ago
Bold Sir *George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*,
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Tho' stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)

E'er sent so vast a Colony
To both the under Worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head ;
The Trade to which they all were bred :
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it ;
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile Bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in martial Fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar,
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But Brags was feeble to resist
The Fury of his Armed Fist.

Nor

Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out
Against his Blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;
Profoundly Skill'd in the Black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his Heart;
But far more skilful in the Sphears.
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himself in Colour
As like the Devil as a Collier:
As like as Hypocrites in Show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunder-buffs*, and *Saker*
He was th' Inventor of and Maker:
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a Breach.
A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:
And

And when their Forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight :
A bold *Virago* stout and tall
As *Joan of France*, or *English Mall*.

Through Perils both of VVind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.

At Breach of VVall ; or Hedge surprize :
She shar'd in th' Hazard and the Prize :

At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her self with matchless Courage,
And laid about in Fight more busily,
Than th' *Amazonian Dame*, *Penthesile*.

And tho' some Criticks here cry Shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
VVho hold no Females stout, but Bears,)
And heretofore did so abhor
Their VVomen should pretend to VVar.

They

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
 To swear by *Hercules* his Name,)

Make feeble Ladies in their Works;
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* ;
 To lay their Native Arms aside,
 Their Modesty, and ride a-stride ;
 To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field ;
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
 And she that would have been the Mistress
 Of *Gundibert*, but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country Lass :
 They say 'tis false, without all Sense,
 But of pernicious Consequence
 To Government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in Prose :
 Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print :

And

And if they will not take our Word,
We'll prove it true upon Record,

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't
Of all his Race the Valiant'st?
Cerdon the Great, renew'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for Repair of Wrong :
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest Side,
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muses deathless Writ.
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull hide Shield would pierce
And cut it in a thousand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his ;
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comerade in the ten Years War :
For when the restless *Greeks* fate down
So many Years before *Troy Town*,
And were Renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For well-soal'd Boots, no less than Fights ?
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Ancestor, that made them so.

Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.
 Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
 And would make three to cure one Flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take Note,
 Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.
 But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
 Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and stickle,
 Like Zam, or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
 For Disputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
 Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Sculls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold Man of VVar,
 Destin'd to Blows by Fatal Star ;
 Right expert in Command of Horse,
 But cruel, and without Remorse.
 That which of *Centaure* long ago
 VWas said, and has been wrested to
 Some other Knights, was true of this,
 He and his *Horse* were of a piece.

One Spirit did inform them both,

The self-same Vigour, Fury, VVroth :

Yet

Yet he was much the rougher Part,
 And always had a harder Heart ;
 Although his Horse had been of those
 That fed on Mans Flesh, as Fame goes,
 Strange Food for Horse ! and yet alas,
 It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.
 Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable ;
 As great a Drover, and as great
 A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
 He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
 Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,
 And Provender wherewith to feed
 Himself, and his less-cruel Steed.
 It was a Question whether He
 Or's Horse were of a Family
 More worshipful : till Antiquaries
 (After th'ad almost por'd out their Fyes)
 Did very learnedly decide
 The Business on the Horse's side,
 And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
 Nay Pigs, were of the elder House :

For Beasts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.

These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants each in the head.

Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.

The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about,

From Villages remote, and Sheirs,
Of East and Western Hemispheres :

From foreign Parishes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,

Came Men and Mastiffs ; some to fight
For Fame and Honour, some for sight,

And now in Field of Death, the Lists,
Were entred by Antagonists,

And Bloud was ready to be broached ;

When *Hudibras* in haste approached,

With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em :

But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens, what Fury
Doth you to these dire Actions hurry ?

What

What *Oestrum*, what Phrenetick Mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,
 While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks----Ghost?

What Towns, what Garisons might you
 With Hazard of this Bloud subdue,
 Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain, Untriumphable Fray?

Shall *Saints* in civil Bloudshed wallow
 Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?

The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore
 So boldly, shall we now give o're?

Then because Quarrels still are seen
 With Oaths an Swearing to begin,

• The *Solemn League and Covenant*
 Will seem a meer *God-dam me* Rant ;
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.

For as we make War for the King
 Against himself, the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear we do
 For God, and for Religion we too,

For if *Bear-beating* we allow,
 What good can *Reformation* do ?
 The Blood and Treasure that's laid out,
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the Fruits o' th' *Protestation*,
 The Prototype of *Reformation*,
 Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,
 Wore in their Hats like Wedding-Garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members Quarrel to espouse ?
 Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
 With Zeal and Noises formidable ;
 And make all *Cries* about the Town
 Join Throats to cry the *Bishops* down ?
 Who having round begirt the Palace,
 (As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
 As Members gave the Sign about,
 Set up their Throats with hideous Shout :
 When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching *Kettle*.
 No *Sew-gelder* did blow his Horn
 To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The *Oyster-Women* lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.

The *Mouſe-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Ev'l Counſellors* did cry.

Botchers left old *Cloaths* in the Lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.

Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead

Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-Bread* :

And ſome for *Brooms* and *Shoos*, old *Boots*,

Baul'd out to *purge the Common's Houſe* :

Inſtead of *Kitchin-ſtuff*, ſome cry,

A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry* ;

And ſome for Old *Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,

No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.

A ſtrange harmonious Inclination

Of all Degrees to *Reformation*.

And is this all ? Is this the End

To which theſe *Carr'ings on* did tend ?

Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,

For this tak'n up all ſorts of Ware,

And run int' ev'ry *Tradesman's Book*,

Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke ?

Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
 And crowd as if they came to late ?
 For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coin *Pifs-pots*, *Bouls*, and *Flaggons*,
 Int' Officers of Horse, and Dragoons ;
 And into Pikes and Musqueteers
 Stamp'd *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers* ?
 A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
 Did start up living Men, as soon
 As in the Furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing sown.
 Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
 The *Brethrens* *Offrings*, consecrate
 Like th' *Hebrew-Calf*, and down before it
 The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it,
 So say the *Wicked*----and will you
 Make that *Sarcastmous Scandal* true,
 By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers ?
 Have pow'rful *Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their Lungs :

Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,
 I' th' Power of Gospel-Preaching Minister?
 Have they invented *Tones* to win
 The *Women*, and make them draw in
 The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
 Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
 Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
 Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,
 And which way best to countermine;
 Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*;
 Told it the *News* o'th' last Express,
 And after good or bad Success;
 Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,
 As *Overtures* and Propositions,
 (Such as the *Army* did present
 To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
 Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,

By setting Church and Common-weal
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints were all-a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog* ?
The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,
To *Well-affected* Persons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town ;
With Pow'r to levy Horse and Men,
Only to bring them back agen :
For this did many, a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all these Courses, these Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,
Velis, & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cause's* Service ?
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine Fray ?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,
Each man of us to run before

Another

Another still in *Reformation*,

Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Dispensation ?

How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it ?

What will *Malignants* say ? *Videlicet*,

That each Man swore to do his best,

To damn and perjure all the rest ;

And bid *the Devil* take the *hinmost*,

Which at this Rate is like to win most.

They'll say our Bus'ness to *reform*

The Church and State, is but a *Worm* ;

For to subscribe, unfight, unseen,

T' an unknown Church Discipline.

What is it else, but before-hand,

T' ingage, and after *undertaken* ?

For when we swore to *carry on*

The present *Reformation*,

According to the purest Mode

Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,

What did we else but make a Vow

To do we knew not what, nor how ?

For no three of us will agree

Where, or what Churches these should be.

And

And is indeed the self-same Case
 With theirs that swore t' *Et cætera's* ;
 Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd
 To fight to the last Drop of Bloud,
 These Slanders will be thrown upon
 The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,
 If we permit Men to run headlong
 T' Exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
 Rather than *Gospel-walking* times,
 When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.
 But we the Matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious Scandal,
 In Name of *King* and *Parliament*,
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This Feud, but keep the Peace between
 Your Bretheren and your Country-Men ;
 And to those Places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The *Fidler*, as the Prime Offender,
 Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and Enginier of mischief ;

That makes division between Friends,
 For prophane and malignant ends.
 He and that Engine of vile noise.
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
 To condign Punishment as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon *Reduce* you all by force.
 This said, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol* who had long supprest
 Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breast.
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
 Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
 As e'er in Weazel'd Pork was hatched ;
 Thou Tail of Worship that dost grow
 On Rump of Justice as of Cow ;
 How dar'st thou with that fullen Luggage
 O' th' felf, old Ir'n and other Baggage,
 With

With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
 Has broke his Wind in halting hither ;
 How durst th' I say, adventure thus
 T' oppose thy Lumber against us ?
 Could thine Impertinence find out
 No Work t' employ it self about,
 Where thou, secure from Wooden Blow,
 Thy Busy Vanity might'st show :
 Was no Dispute a-foot between
 The *Caterwauling Bretheren* :
 No subtle Question rais'd among
 Those *out-o'-their Wits*, and those i' th' Wrong,
 No Prize between those Combatants
 O' th' times the Land and Water-Saints ;
 Where thou might'st *stickle without Hazard*
 Of Outrage to thy Hide and Wazzard,
 And not for want of bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better Sort
 Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport ?
 Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
 Cut-Purse, nor Burglary abroad ?

No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
 To tye thee up from breaking loofe;
 No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
 For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
 And ſhame due to thee from the Devil;
 Did no Committee ſit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee;
 And ſet th' a task, with ſubordination,
 To ſtitch up *ſale* and *ſequeſtration*
 To *cheat* with *Holineſs* and *Zeal*
 All Parties, and the Common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee,
 H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
 Or ſent th' on bus'neſs any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither.
 But if th' haſt Brain enough in Scull
 To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of Stones
 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
 Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt
 Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence at length these words broke out.

Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle ?
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal ;
Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good meat ;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old Age in tough lean ware,
Make Natural Death appear thy Work,
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork ;
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
Because by Bullock ne'er withstood ;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives ;
Shall save or help the to evade
The hand of Justice, or this Blade,

Which

Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
 For civil Deed and Military.
 Nor shall these Words of Venom base,
 Which thou hast, from their Native place,
 Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
 Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,
 Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that VVight
 VVith Gantlet blue and Bales white,
 And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
 So great a Man at Arms defy'd
 VVith words far bitterer than VVormwood,
 That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood (heal;
 Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do
 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
 His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;
 And bending Cock, he level'd full
 Against th' outside of *Talgol's* Skull;
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.

But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her *Gorgon* shield, which made the Cock
Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t' astock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*.
And he with *Petronel* upheav'd,
Instead of Sheild, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste
Drew out his Sword; yet not so fast,
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Couragiously he laid about,
Imprinting many a Wound upon
His mortal Foe the Truncheon,
The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing blows,

To guard its Leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd it self again.
 And though the Sword (some understood)
 In force had much the odds of Wood ;
 'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valiant st.
 For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd,
 Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises Honour more,
 And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death ;
 While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting
 Conquest should be so long a getting ;
 He drew up all his force into
 One Body, and that into one Blow.
 But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
 By cunning slight ; for had it hit,
 The Upper part of him the Blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
 To aid his Friend began to fall on,
 Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew
 A fierce Dispute betwixt them two :
 Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;
 This fit for bruise, and that for Bloud.
 VVith many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
 VVhile none that saw them could divine
 To which side Conquest would encline
 Untill *Magnano*, who did envy
 That two should with so many Men vye,
 By subtle stratagem of brain
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
 For he, by foul hap, having found
 Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
 In haste he drew his Weapon out,
 And having crop'd them from the Root
 He clapp'd them under th' Horse's Tail
 With prickles sharper than a Nail.
 The angry Beast did straight resent
 The wrong done to his Fundament,

Begun to kick, and fling and wince,
 As if h' had been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from Thistle
 That gaul'd him fore under his Tail;
 Instead of which he threw the pack
 Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back;
 And blundring still with smarting rump,
 He gave the Knight's Steed such a thump,
 As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop
 And sat on further side aslope.
 This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
 By flight escap'd the fatal blow
 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching him by nearer foot,
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out,
 But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
 In Pudding-time came to his aid,
 And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
 The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
 The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.

The Friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:
 Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
 And heavy brant of Cannon ball.
 As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
 And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
 In Body, though his mighty Spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his Snout.
 His Wrath enflam'd boil'd o'r, and from
 His jaws of Death he threw the some;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him;
 And more than ever Herauld drew him.
 He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
 From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and row'd,
 And vex't the more, because the harms
 He self were 'gainst the *Law of Arms*;
 For Men he always took to be
 His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:

Who

Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him,
 It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
 For whom h' had fought so many a Fray,
 And serv'd with Loss of Bloud so long,
 Should offer such inhumane wrong ;
 Wrong of unfoldier-like Condition :
 For which he flung down his Commission :
 And laid about him, till his Nose
 From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his Foes he charg'd,
 And made way through th' amazed Crew,
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,
 But took none ; for by hasty Flight
 He strove t' avoid the Conquering *Knight*.
 From whom he fled with as much Haste
 And Dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
 In Haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his Fear a sev'ral Way.

Crowders only kept the Field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,

Though beaten down and wounded sore,
 I th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
 One side of him, not that of Bone;
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
 Upon the Ground like Log of Wood,
 With fright of Fall supposed Wound,
 And loss of Urine, in a S wound,
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb
 That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*
 For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
 He with the Foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch,
 Sole Author of all Detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent.

But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his Legs with sprained Crap)

Looking

Looking about, beheld the Bard
 To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
 He snatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his Steed,
 (As Rats do from a falling House,)
 To hide it self from rage of blows ;
 And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.
 Which e'er he could Achieve, his Sconce
 The Leg encounter'd twice and once ;
 And now 'twas rais'd to finite agen,
 When *Ralpho* thrust himself between,
 He took the Blow upon his Arm,
 To shield the *Knight* from further Harm ;
 And joyning Wrath with Force, bestow'd
 On th' VWooden Member such a Load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
 To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
 And setting his bold Foot upon
 His Trunk, thus spoke : VWhat *desp'rate Frenzy*
 Made thee, (thou VVhelp of Sin) to fancy
 Thy

Thy self and all that Coward Rabble

T' encounter us in Battel able ?

How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship

'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship ?

And *Hudibras*, or me Provoke,

Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,

And th' other half of thee as good

To bear out Blows as that of Wood,

Could not the Whipping-Holt prevail

VVith all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jayl,

To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,

And Ankle free from Iron Gin ?

VVhich now thou shalt---but first our care

Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.

This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,

And set him on his Bum upright :

To rouse him from Lethargick Dump,

He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle Thump

Knock'd on his Breast, as if t' had been

To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.

They, wakened with the Noise, did fly

From inward Room to VVindow Eye,

And

And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
 Lookt out, but yet with some Amazement.
 This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the *Knight* : quoth he,
 Tweaking his Nose, you are, great Sir,
 A *Self-denying* Conqueror ;
 As high, victorious and great,
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give your self but leave
 To make out what y' already have ;
 That's Victory, the Foe for dread
 Of your Nine-Worthiness, is fled,
 All, save *Crowdero*, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake :
 And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet.
 Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
 For one wink of your pow'ful Eye
 Must sentence him to live, or dye.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 VVon in the Service of the Churches ;

And

And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
 For though success did not confer
 Just Title on the Conquerer ;
 Though *dispensations* were not strong
 Conclusions whether right or wrong ;
 Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
 And *owning* were but a meer term :
 Yet as the *wicked* have no right
 To th' *Creature*, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the *Saint*,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't ;
 Of him they hold their Luxuries,
 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,
 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
 Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Parasites ,
 All which the *Saints* have Title to.
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before.
 For we are their true *Landlords* still,
 And they our *Tenants* but at Will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous.
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his Foes remain, but one,
 He snatcht his Weapon that lay near him;
 And from the ground began to rear him ;
 Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But *Ralph* now in colder Blood,
 His Fury mildly thus withstood :
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
 Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
 To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner
 Than from your hand to have the Honour
 Of his Destruction, I that am
 A nothingness in Deed and Name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
 Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
 Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
 In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
 Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
 To break a Fiddle and your Word ?

For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For Great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.
This Pow'r which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Aw
Than if you were a Knight of Straw :
For Death would then be his Conqueror :
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death to you ;
Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do,
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain :

The

The Laurels that adorn their Brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
And living Foes the greatest Fame
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your Pain,
Th' Honour can but on one side light,
As Worship did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Prisoner of VVar ?
And let him fast in Bonds abide,
At *Court of Justice* to be try'd :
VVhere if h' appear so bold or crafty ;
There may be Danger in his Safety ;
If any Member there dislike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pike ;
Or if his Death will save, or yield,
Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have Pow'r to hang him when you please,
This has been often done by some
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom :
And

And has by most of us been held
 Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*,
 For Words and Promises that yoke
 The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
 Like *Sampson's Cuffs*, though by his own
 Direction and Advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the *Cause*
 By rules of Military Laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The *Cause* would quickly fall to Dust.
 This we among our selves may speak,
 But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*,
 We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-Truths, such as these are.

This said, the high, outrageous Mettle
 Of *Knight*, began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the *Squire's* Advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the Bus'ness done:
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind,
 And to its former Place and Use
 The Wooden Member to reduce:

But force it take an *Oath* before,

Ne'er to bear *Arms* against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,

And having ty'd *Crowders* fast,

He gave *Sir Knight* the End of Cord,

To lead the Captive of his Sword

In triumph, whilst the Steeds he caught,

And them to further Service brought.

The *Squire* in State, rode on before,

And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore

The Trophée-*Fiddle* and the *Gase*,

Leaning on Shoulder like a *Mace*.

The *Knight* himself did after ride,

Leading *Crowders* by his side,

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind ;

Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.

Thus grave and solemn they march on,

Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone,

At further end of which their stands

An ancient Castle, that commands

Th' adjacent Parts ; in all the Fabrick

You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,

But all of Wood, by Pow'rful Spell
 Of Magick made impregnable;
 There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate ;
 And yet Men durance there abide,
 In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide ;
 With Roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lye, or sit ;
 And yet so foul, that whoſo is in,
 Is to the Middle-leg in Priſon,
 In Circle Magical confin'd,
 With Wall of ſubtle Air and Wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until th' are freed by Head of Borough.
 Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous *Knight*
 And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
 At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands
 A Baſile, built to imprifon Hands ;
 By ſtrange Enchantment made to fetter
 The leſſer parts, and free the greater,
 For though the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

And

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by 'Witch
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
 On top of this there is a Spire,
 On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*
 The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Case*,
 In manner of a Trophy, place.
 That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
 And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like Hermit poor in pensive Place,
 To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
 And the Survivor of his feet :
 But th' other that had broke the peace,
 And head of Knighthood, they release,
 Though a *Delinquent* false and forged,
 Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged ;

While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in Prison for't.

*So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.*

The

The ARGUMENT of the
THIRD CANTO.

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Pris'ner: Then they seize
Th' Inchant'd Fort by Storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's Place.
I should have first said, Hudibras.*

C A N T O III.

A H me! What Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-Claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may sing or say
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;

For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
 The Field as certain as a Gun,
 And having routed the whole Troop,
 With Victory was Cock-a-hoop ;
 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase,
~~Thanksgiving-day~~ among the Churches,
 Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
 Might be explain'd by *Walden-forth*,
 And Register'd by Fame Eternal,
 In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal* ?
 Found in few minutes to his Cost,
 He did but Count without his Host :
 And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,
 Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear
 From bloody Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
 (All but the Dogs who in pursuit,
 Of the *Knight's* Victory stood to'r,
 And most ignobly sought to get
 The Honour of his Blood and Sweat.)

Seeing

Seeing the Coast was free and clear,
 O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
 Took heart again and fac'd about,
 As if they meant to stand it out:
 For by this time the routed *Bear*
 Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
 Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat,
 Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to Fortune, and with haste
 Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd,
 Retiring still, until he found
 H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;
 And then a valiantly made head,
 To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
 Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
 Of Warrior stout and Politick;
 Until in spight of hot pursuit,
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute,
 On better terms, and stop the course
 Of the proud Foe. With all his force



POET C A N T O. III.

He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increas'd
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune ;
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his Hide and Carcass at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This Resolution
He forthwith put in Execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The Enemy i' th' greatest throng.
But what could single Valour do
Against so numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was such ;
But one against a Multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good,
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,

And

And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a Foe so great.
For now the Massives charging home
To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come:
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His Person was above them all.
This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd
In th' Enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors and so stout
As he had done and stand it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable Terms.
Enraged thus, some in the Rear
Attack'd him and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down still laid about:
As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps
Is said to fight upon his Stumps;
But all, alas! Had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,

If *Trulla* and *Gerdon* in the nick
 To rescue him had not been quick;
 For *Trulla* who was light of Foot,
 As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,
 (But not so light as to be born
 Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
 Than Witches when their Staves they liquor.
 As some report) was got among
 The foremost of the Martial Throng:
 Where pitying the vanquish'd *Bear*,
 She call'd to *Gerdon* who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *humdrum*,
 And see stout *Bruin* all alone
 By numbers basely over-thrown?
 Such Feats already he has achiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd;
 And 't would to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
 To second thee, and rescue him:

But

But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late;
 Quarter he scorns, he is too stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their Weapons round
 About their heads, to clear the ground;
 And joining Forces laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if *the Devil drove*, to run. (Bruin
 Mean while th' approach'd the place where
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
 The Conquering Foe they soon assail'd
 First *Trulla* sav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 Until their Massives loos'd their hold:
 And yet, alas! do what they could,
 The worsted *Bare* came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before;
 For as *Arbittles* dipt in Pond,
 Was *Anahaprin'd* free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over but the Pagan heel:

So did our Champion's Arms defend
 All of him but the other end :
 His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
 Encounter lost a Leathern Parcel ;
 For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
 Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*
 Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
 Close to his Head ; so *Brain* far'd :
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th^t other side,
 Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd ;
 Or like the late-corrected Leathern
 Ears of the *Circumcised Brethren*.
 But gentle *Trulla* into th^t Ring
 He wore in's Nose convey'd a String,
 With which She marcht before, and led
 The Watrour to a grassy Bed,
 As Authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which Eglantine and Roses made,
 Close by a softly murmuring Stream.
 Where Lovers use to loll and dream.
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of Foes,
 And

And wanting nothing but a Song,
 And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
 Upon a Bough to ease the Pain
 His tugg'd Ears suffer'd, with a strain,
 They both drew up to march in quest
 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his Ground
 In standing Fights than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the Chace,
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind ;
 Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his Coward Foes.
 He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
 Forcing the Vallies to repeat
 The Accents of his sad regret.

He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
 For loss of his dear Crony *Beau* :
 That Echo from the hollow ground
 His doleful Wailings did resound
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small Poets splay-foot rhimes,
 That make her, in their ruffal stories,
 To answer to Interrogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows :
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the Lovers fancy.
 Quoth he, O *whither*, wicked *Bruin*,
 Art thou tied to my?—Echo *ruine* ?
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
 For fear, (Quoth Echo) *Marry gues*.
 Am not I here to take thy part ?
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?
 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it.
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget*,
 Think 'st

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
 Thou turn'dst thy back ? Quoth Echo, *Pish*.
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus Cowardly ? Quoth Echo, *Mum* !
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine Enemy ?
 Or if thou hast no thought on me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail :
 For who would grutch to spend his Bloud in
 His Honour's cause ? Quoth she, *a Puddin*.
 This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
 Which in his Manly Stomach burn'd ;
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the Authors of his Wo
 Should equal Vengeance undergo ;
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd and his *Bear*.
 This being resolv'd with equal speed
 And Rage he hasted to proceed

THE CANTO III.

To Action straight, and giving o'er.
To search for *Bruin* any more,
He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where'er he was.
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, butk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute Adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their Breasts enflame.
'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol*, Foe to *Hudibras* :
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
And Resolute as ever fought :
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke.

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront, that poultry Ass
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more poultry *Ragamuffin*,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,

Have

Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
 As if th' had routed us in Battel :
 For my part, it shall ne'er be sed,
 I for the washing gave my Head :
 Nor did I turn my back for fear.
 O th' Rascals, but los of my *Bear*,
 Which now I'm like to undergo :
 For whether these fell Wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel,
 Nor do *I know* what is become
 Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.
 But if I can but find them out
 That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
 Where e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy-work ;
 And wish that they had rather dar'd,
 To *pull the Devil by the Beard*,
 Quoth *Cardon*; Noble *Orsin*, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,
 And so has ev'ry Body here
 As well as thou hast or thy *Bear*;

Others may do as they see good ;
 But if this twig be made of Wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
 Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
 And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
 Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill,
 My self and *Trulla* made a shift
 To help him out at a dead lift ;
 And having brought him bravely off,
 Have left him where he's safe enough :
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,
 The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said they all engag'd to joyn
 Their Forces in the same Design :
 And forthwith put themselves in search
 Of *Hudibras* upon their March.

Where leave we them a while to tell

What the Victorious *Knight* besel :

For such, *Crowders* being fast

In Dungeon-shut, we left him last.

Triumphant

Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his Brow :
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With Conquering toil he now retir'd
Unto a Neighbouring Castle by,
To rest his Body and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise
He got in fight, *Reds, Blacks, and Blues* ;
To Mollify th' uneasie pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which b'ing by Skilful Midwife dress'd,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land,
(For he, in all his amorous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight* ;
The shaft against a Rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the *Purtenance*.

But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
 After he found his Suit in vain.
 For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
 Was burnt in's Belly like a coal,
 (That Belly that so oft did ake
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
 Had almost brought him off his Legs)
 Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,
 That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*
 That cut his Mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard-a-hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks :
 Among which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad :
 She could Love none but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady ;
 Not Love, if any Lov'd her : Hey day !
 So Cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight.

So some Diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.

He that gets her by heart must say her
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer:

Mean while the *Knight* had no small Task,
To compass what he durst not ask.

He Loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*.

Like *Caitiff* vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his Face to rump of Steed,

Or rowing Scull he's fain to Love,
Look one way, and another move;

Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,

Until he seize upon the Coney :

Just so does he by Matrimony,

But all in vain : Her subtle Snout

Did quickly wind his meaning out ;

Which she return'd with too much Scorn,

To be by Man of Honour Born,

Yet much he bore, until the Distress,

He suffer'd from his spiteful Mistress,

And

Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd, from her Disdain,
Turn'd to Regret, so resolute
That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in fight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some Months, and more had done;
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Victory he achiev'd so late,
Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope
A Door to discontinu'd Hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his Valour and the Honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,
These Reasons made his Mouth to water
With amorous Longings to be at her.

Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop.

If nothing can oppugn Love,
 And Vertue Envious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both Love and Vertue too?
 But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,
 Which VWomen oft are taken in.
 Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldeſt thou fear
 To be, that art a Conquerer.
 Fortune th' Audacious doth *juvare*,
 But lets the timidous miſcarry.
 Then while the Honour thou haſt got
 Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou haſt beſt,
 And truſt thy Fortune with the reſt.
 Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
 More than his Bangs or Fleas, from ſleep.
 And as an Owl that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
 Sits ſtill and ſhuts his round blue Eyes,
 As if he ſlept, until he ſpies

The little Beast within his reach,
 The starts and seizes on the Wretch.
 So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
 To seize upon the Widow's Heart ;
 Crying with hasty tone and hoarse.
Ralpho dispatch, To Horse, to Horse,
 And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy Marches were advanc'd
 Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,
 And had all th' Avenues possess'd
 About the place, from East to West.

That done, a while they made a Halt,
 To view the Ground, and where t' assault :
 Then call'd a Council which was best,
 By Siege or Onslaught to invest
 The Enemy: And 'twas agreed,
 By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.
 This being resolv'd, in comely sort,
 They now drew up t' attack the Fort.
 When *Hudibras*, about to enter
 Upon another guise adventure,

To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
 Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,
 To which he was an utter Stranger ;
 That Foresight might, or might not blot
 The Glory he had newly got ;
 Or to his shame it might be fed,
 They took him napping in his Bed :
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in Sciences profound.
 His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the Postern Gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the Field.
 This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight.
 The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh :

Till

Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was soon converted to Rage.

And thus he spoke, The Coward Foe,
VVhom we but now gave Quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears,
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat.
And to their VVill we must succumb,
Quocunque trabunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numerick Crew
VVhich we so lately did subdue,
The self-same Individuals that
Did run as Mice do from a Cat,
VVhen we Couragiously did wield
Our Martial VVeapons in the Field
To tug for Victory : And when
We shall our shining Blades agen
Brandish in terror o'er our Heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted Dreads,
Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
And haunts by fits those whom it takes,

And

And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his *Mistress* name.
His Pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew:
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors use: Then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying Sympathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the Foe with equal Rage,
And speed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows.
When *Orfeu* first let fly a Stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Aeneas on the Bum withal

Yet

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
 T' have sent him to another World ;
 Whether above Ground or below,
 Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
 The Danger startled the bold *Squire*,
 And made him some few Steps retire.
 But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,
 And rous'd his Spirits half dismay'd ;
 He wisely doubting lest the Shot
 Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
 Might at a distance gall, prest close,
 To come, pell-mell, so handy Blows,
 And that he might their Aim decline,
 Advanc'd still in an oblique Line ;
 But prudently forbore to fire,
 Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher :
 As expert Warriors use to do,
 When hand to hand they charge the Foe,
 This Order the advent'rous *Knight*.
 Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight,
 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
 And for the Foe began to stickle.

The

The more shame for her *Goody-ship*,
 To give so near a Friend the slip.
 For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
 Level'd so right it thumpt upon
 His Manly Paunch with such a Force,
 As almost beat him off his Horse.
 He lost his Whyniard, and the Reyn;
 But laying fast hold on the Mane,
 Preserv'd his Seat: And as a Goose
 In death contracts his Talons close;
 So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
 The Tricker of his Pistol draw:
 The Gun went off: And as it was
 Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
 In all his Feats of Arms, when least
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
 So now he far'd: The shot let fly
 At random 'mong the Enemy,
 Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gabberdine, and grazing
 Upon his Shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass Habergeon,
 Who straight *A Surgeon*: cry'd, *a Surgeon*:

He

He tumbled down and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.
This startled their whole Body so,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,
H' had won (the second time) the fight.
As if the *Squire* had but faln on,
He had inevitably done :
But he diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his Hurt, forbare
To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busie Work of Death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the Fight;
When the disaster of the *Knight*
And th' other Parry did divert,
Their fell Intent and forc'd them part.

Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*.

And *Cerdon*, where *Magnano* was ;
Each ſtriving to confirm his Party
With ſtout Encouragements and Hearty.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour ſtir
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd Foe begins to run :
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not after ſuch a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now ;
But from ſo formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell Powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft.
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now diſmay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the Day.

Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.

•His

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took' than *Ralph's* harangue;
 To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
 Tells me thy Counsel comes to late.
 The knotted Bloud within my hose,
 That from my wounded Body flows,
 With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end.
 I am for action now unfit,
 Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt upon a Wound,
 Or trivial Basting to despond :
 Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtal,
 For if I thought my Wounds not mortal ;
 Or that we'd time enough as yet
 To make an honourable Retreat,
 Twere the best course : But if they find
 We fly and leave our Arms behind,
 For them to seize on, the Dishonour
 And Danger too is such, I'll sooner

Stand

Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them see I am no Starter.
In all the trade of War no Feat,
Is nobler than a brave Retreat.
For those that run away, and fly,
Take Place at least of th' Enemy.
This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny steed
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a Man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft ;
But by his weighty Bum as oft
He was pull'd back till having found
Th' advantage of the rising Ground,
Thither he led his Warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
When *Orsin* who had newly dress'd

The bloody Scar upon the Shoulder
 Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,
 And now was searching for the Shot
 That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,
 Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
 Preparing to climb up his Horse-side.
 He left his Care, and laying hold
 Upon his Arms with Courage bold,
 Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
 The Enemy begins to rally :
 Let us that are unhurt and whole
 Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt
 He flew with Fury to th' Assault,
 Striving the Enemy to attack
 Before he reach'd his Horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
 O'erthwart his Beast with Active vaulting,
 Wrigling his Body to recover
 His seat, and cast his right Leg over ;
 When *Orsin* rushing in bestow'd
 On Horse and Man so heavy a load,

The Beast was startled, and begun
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
 Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
 Or stout King *Richard*, on his back :
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoond.
 Mean while the *Knight* began to rowse
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess ;
 He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
 And found both by his Eyes and Nose,
 'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
 That from his wounded Body flow'd.
 This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
 Inflam'd him with despightful Ire ;
 Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other Pistol out.
 And now had half-way bent the Cock,
 When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a Shock,
 With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
 That down it fell and did no Harm ;
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.

The *Knight* his Sword had only left
With which he *Gerden's* Head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
But *Orfin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his Quarters opposite.
But as a Barque that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to :
So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose.
Till *Orfin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by spiteful Chance,
Hit *Cerdon* such a Bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the Ground,
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on Stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria* ; lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee Company in death :
But first I'll halt a while and breath.

As well he might : For *Orfin* griev'd
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he made before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the-ground, where best
He might the ruffled Foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orfin* with full speed,
While he was busie in the care
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy ;
And seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The subtle *Knight* streight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire ;

Or, as occasion should invite ;
 With Forces join'd renew the fight ;
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd his Limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone ;
 VVhen *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more as Conquerours,
 Have both the Field and Honour won,
 The Foe is profligate and run,
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home ;
 And some lie sprawling on the ground
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself cou'd never say
 He got two Victories in a Day ;
 As I have done that can say, twice I
 In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici,*

The Foe's so numerous that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 As they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-Blow ,
 Then left they rally and once more
 Put us to fight the Bus'ness o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I shou'd not, If I were
 In case for Action, now be here ;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An Arse, for fear of being bang'd :
 It was for you I got these Harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch Off your Arms. Q :
 The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
 Have bruis'd my Body; and bereav'd
 My Limbs of Strength : unless you stoop
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a Prey
 To those who now are run away.
 That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras* ?)
 We read, the Ancients held it was

More Honourable far *Servare*
Civem, than slay an Adversary,
 The one we oft to day have done ;
 The other shall dispatch anon,
 And though th' art of a different Church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*,
 Then Bowing down his Body stretcht
 His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht ;
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like Lightning behind,
 She had been long in search about

• *Magnano's* wound, to find it out ;
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got.

But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the Prisoners,
 Which all in feat of Arms was hers :
 And now to plunder *Ralph*, she flew,
 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew

To succor him ; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yeild, *Scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or dye;
 Thy Life is mine and Liberty.
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
 To try thy Fortune o'er a fresh,
 I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,
 Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right :
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend thee back thy self a while,
 And once more for that carcass vile,
 Fight upon tick---Quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lads,
 And I shall take thee at thy word,
 First let me rise, and take my Sword,
 That Sword which has so oft this day
 Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
 And some to other Worlds dispatcht,
 Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,

Will

Will blush with Bloud ignoble stain'd,
 By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
 Consider while thou mayst what 'tis
 To interrupt a Victor's Course,
 B' opposing such a trivial Force :
 For if with Conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter, thou canst not have, nor Grace,
 By law of Arms in such a Case ;
 Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
 (Clapping her hand upon her Breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)
 Quarter, or Counsel from a Foe :
 If thou canst force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be sed,
 When I have once more won thy Head,
 I took the napping, unpar'd,
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.

This said, she to her Tackle fell,
 And on the *Knight* let fall a peal

Of Blows so fierce, and prest so home,
 That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yeild to Mercy,
 It is not fighting *Arise-verse*
 Shall serve thy turn--- This stirr'd his Spleen
 More than the Danger he was in,
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Although th' already made him reel.
 Honour, delpight, revenge and shame,
 At once into his stomach came ;
 VVhich fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm
 Above his Head, and rain'd a storm
 Of blows, so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hush her quick.
 But she upon her Truncheon took them,
 And by oblique diversion broke them,
 VVaiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury.
 Which long she fail'd not of, for now
 The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
 Resolving to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning flight
 Avoiding

Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.
 No sooner she th' advantage found,
 But in she flew, and seconding
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.
 Say, will the Law of Arms allow
 I may have Grace, and Quarter now ?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword,
 A Man of War to damn his Soul,
 In basely breaking his Parole,
 And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd
 To give no Quarter in cold blood :
 Now thou hast got me for a *Tartar* :
 To make m' against my will take quarter :
 Why dost not put me to the Sword,
 But Cowardly fly from thy word ?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own ;
Thou and thy Stars have cast me down :
My Laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy Conq'ring Brow :
My Loss of Honour's great enough.
Thou need'st not brand it with a Scoff :
Sarcasmes may Eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost Renown :
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The Ancient *Heroes* were illustrious
For b'ing benign, and not blustrous,
Against a vanquish'd Foe ; their Swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words :
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' employ their Courtesies about.

Quoth *he*, altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the Victory ;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my Fame, than thy desert.

- Thy

Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
 All that's on th' outside of thy Hide,
 Are mine by Military Law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw:
 The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hederns*, it is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate;
 What thou Command'st I must obey.
 Yet those whom I expung'd to day,
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too,
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parol,
 Whom I took Prisoners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trusta*, Whether thou or they
 Let one another run away,
 Concerns not me; but wast not thou
 That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's Pound*.
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His generous Bowels rage and fret.

But

But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knave* did straight submit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith devaluing
The Mantle that she wore, said jelling.
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy-back.
And as the *French* we Conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers.
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Just so the proud insulting Lass
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To share in th' Honour and the Prey.
And out of *Hadibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;

Which

Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden shower.
 But *Tralla* thrust her self between,
 And striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word;
 Sh' had given him Quarter, and her bloud
 Or theirs should make that Quarter good.
 For she was bound by Law of Arms,
 To see him safe from further harms.
 In Dungeon deep *Crowders* cast
 By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast;
 Where to the hard and ruthless Stones
 His great Heart made perpetual moans.
 Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
 Should ransom, and supply his place.
 This stopt their fury, and the basting
 Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.
 They thought it was but just and right,
 That what she had achiev'd in fight
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowders ought to be releas'd;

Nor could that any way be done . . .
 So well as this the pitch'd upon :
 For who a better could imagine ?
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
 The *Knight*, and *Squire*, first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid ?
 Then mounted both upon their Horses,
 But with their Faces to the *Artes*.
Orfin led *Hudibras's* beast
 And *Talgot* that which *Ralpho* prest,
 Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
 And *Colon*, waited as a guard on,
 All ush'ring *Trulla*, in the Reer
 With th' Arms of either Prisoner.
 In this proud order and array
 They put themselves upon their way,
 Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,
 Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.
 Thither with greater speed, than Shows
 And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes
 Do use t' allow, or than the *Bears*
 Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*

Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a Warlike posture,
As fit for Battel as for Muster.

The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.

Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.

For he was skilful in *Black Art*

No less than he that built the Fort ;

And with an Iron Mace laid flat

A breach, which straight all enter'd at,

And in the wooden Dungeon found

Crowdero laid upon the ground.

Him they release from durance base,

Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Cafe*,

And Liberty, his thirsty rage

With luscious vengeance to assuage.

For he no sooner was at large,

But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,

And

And in the self-same *Limbo*, put
 The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.
 Where leaving them i' th' *Hocky i' th' Hole*,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow ;
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But *Mudibras* who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,
 And Sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind
 Is *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 What e'er the other moiety feels.
 Tis not restraint or Liberty
 That makes Men Prisoners or free ;
 But perturbations that possess
 The Mind or *Æquanimities*.
 The whole World was not half so wide
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd

Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not said
 (For ought that ever I could read)
 To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye and sob,
 Because h' had 'ne'er another *Tub*.
 And Ancients make two several kinds
 Of Prowess in Heroick minds,
 The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant;
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
 For both to give blows and to carry,
 In fights are Equeneccessary;
 But in defeats, the *Passive* stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo
 The *Active*, 'gainst a Conqu'ring Foe.
 Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggil'd,
 Or as the vulgar say, are *cudgel'd*:
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Tho' drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a *Lease for Lives to come*,
 And cannot be *extended* from

The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
 Not to be forfeited in Battel.
 If he that is in Battel slain,
 Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
 He that is beaten may be sed
 To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.
 For as we see th' Eclipsed Sun
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when adorn'd with all his light
 He shines in *Serene Sky* most bright:
 So Valour in a low estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with Wit,
 As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
 A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much ; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off,

For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*
 Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
 And might with Honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof:
 A politick exploit, right fit
 For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's stone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
 Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
 To take the height on't and explain
 To what degree it is prophane,
 Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)
 Thy *light Jump* right thou call'st *Synodical*.
 As if *Presbytery* were a Standard
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove *Bear-baiting* equal
 With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *Legal*?
 Do if thou canst, for I deny't,
 And dare thee so't with all thy *Light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard Matter for a Man to do,
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical *Bear-Gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babylonish* sport.

For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,
Do differ only in a mere word.

Both are but sev'ral *Synagogues*
Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs* :

Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,

To mischief bent as far's in them lies :

Both *stave* and *tail*, with fierce contests,

The one with *Man*, the other *Beasts*.

The difference is, The one fights with

The *Tongue*, the other with the *Teeth* ;

And that they bait but *Bears* in this,

In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences*,

Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake
 For *Gospel-Light* and *Conscience* sake;
 Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
 Instead of *Mastive Dogs* and *Curs*;
 Than whom th' have less humanity,
 For these at Souls of Men will fly:
 This to the *Prophet* did appear,
 Who in a Vision saw a *Bear*,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of *Church Rule* in this latter Age:
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *Pope's Ball*.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
 That live by Rapine, so do they,
 What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-Censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,
 But sev'ral mystick Chains they make,
 To tye poor Christians to the stake?
 And then set heathen *Officers*,
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their Ears,
 For to prohibit and dispencc,
 To find out or to make offence,

Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
 To play with Souls at fast and loose ;
 To set what Characters they please,
 And mulcts on Sin or Godliness,
 Reduce the Church to Gospel Order,
 By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Murther* ;
 To make *Presbytery* supream,
 And *Kings* themselves submit to them ;
 And force all People, though against
Their Consciences, to turn *Saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 When *Saints* Monopolists are made.
 When *Pious* frauds and *Holy* shifts
 Are *Dispensations* and *Gifts*,
 There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquisition*.
 A mungrel breed of like Pernition,
 And growing up became the Sires
 Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers* ;
 Whose business is, by cunning slight
 To cast a figure for Mens *Light*

142 C A N T O III

To find in lines of Beard and Face,
The Physiognomy of Grace ;
And by the sound and *swang* of Nose,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of frowning,
As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing,
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
Give certain guess at inward *Light* :
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
The *Handkerchief* about the Neck
(*Cānonical Grabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
of *Spiritual Warfaring Men*)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in Fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion
That *Grace is founded in Dominion*.
Great *Piety* consists in *Pride* ;
To rule is to be *sanctify'd* :

To domineer, and to control
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
 Is the most perfect *discipline*
 Of Church rule and by *right divine*.
Bel and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they (Poor Knaves) were glad to cheat
 To get their Wives and Children meat ;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Power too,
 Or else with Bloud and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.
 Sure these themselves from Primitives
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
 When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
 Whose *Directory* was to *kill* ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only difference is, that then
 They slaughter'd only *Beasts*, now *Men*,
 For then to Sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or now an then a Child to *Moloch*,

They

They count a vile Abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a *Free State*,
 A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
 Where every Village is a *See*
 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
 A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan* :
 Where ev'ry *Prebyter* and *Deacon*
 Commands the *Keys* for Cheese and Bacon ;
 And ev'ry Hamlets governed
 By's ~~Holiness~~, the *Church's head*,
 More haughty and severe in's place
 Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
 With many heads : For if we conster
 What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,
 According to th' Apostles mind,
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
VVith many heads did ride upon ;
 Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
 Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.

Lay-Elder, Simeon to Levi,

Whose little Finger is as heavy ●
 As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
 Archbishop-secular. This Zealot
 Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind ;
 A Lawless, *Linsy-woolsey* Brother,
 Half of one Order, half another ;
 A Creature of Amphibious nature,
 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water ;
 That always preys on Grace, or Sin ;
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce Inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over Mens Belief
 And Manners , can pronounce a *Saint*
 Idolatrous, or Ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Thro' coarsest Boulter others *gifts*.
 For all Men live and judge amiss
 Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,

The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
 Whose Pastors are but th' Handywork
 Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling,
 From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,
 Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*,
 So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
 They say, *does make sweet Malt*. Good *Squire*,
Festina lente, not too fast ;
 For *bast* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake.
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back ;
 And put your Arguments in mood
 And Figure, to be understood.
 I'll force you by right Ratiocination
 To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *Dialecticws*.

The Question then, to state it first,
 Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
 To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
 But to make good th' Assertion,
 Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.
 If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
 Why then *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
 For if they are the *same*, by course
 Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
 But I deny they are the *same*,
 More than a *Maggot* and I am.
 That both are *Animalia*,
 I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
 For tho' they do agree in kind,
 Specifick difference we find,
 And can no more make *Bears* of these,
 Than prove my *Horse* is *Socrates*.
 That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say no:
 And thus I prove it, in a word,
 Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impowr'd

To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ardain*
 Can be no *Synod* • But *Bear-garden*
 Has no such pow'r. *Ergo* 'tis none,
 And so thy *Sophistry's* o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
 Which thou didst raise the first contention;
 For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
 Than *Synod-Men*? I say *Negatur*.
 That *Bears* and *Beasts*, and *Synod-Men*,
 Is held by all, They're *better* then.
 For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,
 As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two*.
 Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*?
 But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
 Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*
 Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter*;
 Or that his *snout* and *spacious Ears*
 Do hold proportion with a *Bear's*.
 A *Bear's* a savage Beast, of all
 Most ugly and unnatural,
 Whelpt without form, until the Dam
 Have lickt him into shape and frame,

But

But all thy *Light* can ne'er evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt* ;
Or brought to any other Fashion
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thy self and sense, that is,
Thou wouldst have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too ;
A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said ; which I know when,
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis Plain thy *Light* and *Gifts*
Are all but plagiary shifts ;).

And is the same that *Ranter* sed,
Who arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my Beard :
 The self-same Cavils then I heard,
 VWhen b'ing in hot dispute about
 This Controverſie, we fell out ;
 And what thou know'ſt I answer'd then,
 VWill ſerve to answer thee agen :

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuſe
 Of *Humane Learning* you produce ;
Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
 A trade of Knowledge as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat ;
 An Art' incumbent *Gifts* and VVit,
 And render both for nothing fit ;
 Makes *light* inactive, full and troubled,
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet :
 A cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Mens reaſon and their own ;
 A Fort of Error, to enſconce
 Abſurdity and Ignorance ;
 That renders all the avenues
 To Truth impervious and abſtruſe,

By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate :
For nothing goes for Sense or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Paagan, Heathenish* Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All blows do on the Target light :
So when Men argue, the great'st part
O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art,
Until the Fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last ;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And *contrary as black to white* ;
Mere *Disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Human Learning* ;

To things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in : therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

Anno-

Annotations

TO THE

FIRST PART.

Canto I. Page 2.

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.

BInd over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

Idem 3.

As Montaigne playing with his Cat.

Montaigne in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his time, in playing with her.

Idem 4.

Profoundly skill'd in Analytique.

Analytique is a part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

Idem 5.
A Babylonish Dialect.

A Confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Modern *Virtuosi* us'd to express themselves in.

Idem 6.
That had the Orator who once.

Demosthenes, who is said to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with little Stones in his Mouth.

Idem 8.
He could reduce all things to Acts.

- The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences, and when they had refin'd them into the Nicest Subtilties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtiller things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense,

Idem

Id. Ibid.

Where Truth in Person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those Notions or Images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Aristotle* says, *unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Id. Ibid.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

Idem 9.

He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to Collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

Id. Ibid.

By a High-Dutch Interpreter.

Geropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

Id. Ibid.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve* being made and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

Id. Ibid.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Idem 12.

Like Mahomet's were Afs and Widgeon.

Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Afs was so intimate with him, the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and flays

stays there with him, to bring him back again.

Idem 14.

It was Canonique, and did grow

In Holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in those times.

Idem 14.

So Learned Taliacotius, &c.

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

Idem p. 19.

*But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done, &c.*

Oliver Cromwel and *Colonel Pride* had both been Brewers.

Idem p. 21.

*That Cæsar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.*

Julius Cæsar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum ungulis fissis.* Suet. in Jul. Cap. 61.

Idem

Idem p. 22.

*The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd
With subtil shreds, a Tract of Land.*

Dido Queen of Carthage, who bought as much Land as she could Compass with an Ox's Hide, which she cut into small Thongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground, as serv'd her to build Carthage upon.

Idem p. 23.

As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell.

Aeneas whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a Pass to Hell, and Taylors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

Idem p. 25.

In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.

Talisman is a device to destroy any sort of Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the mischief they can, This has been Experimented by some Modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success,

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal* out of the *Arabick* to signifie *Scientia superabundans*, which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous Foppery.

Id. Ibid.

As far as Adam's first Green-Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

Id. Ibid.

*And much of Terra Incognita,
The Intelligible World could say.*

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pfittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

Id. Ibid.

As Learn'd as the Wild-Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild-Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Camden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

Idem

Idem p. 26.

*In Rosy-Crucian Lore as learned,
As he that Vere Adeptus earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Rosy Crucians*, is very like the Sect of the Ancient *Gnostici*, who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique Extravagance.

Idem p. 30

*Thou, that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers.*

This *Vickers* was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He translated *Virgil's Æneids* into as horrible *Travesty* in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in *Burlesque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

Idem p. 33.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: But since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd

lig'd to speak wisely alike ; And too much of so Extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent : The rest of his Harangues have only his Sense exprest , in other Words, unless in some few places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

Idem p. 35.

In Bloody Cynarctomachy.

Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contained : And our Knight, as one, or both, of those, was of the same Opinion.

Id. Ibid.

Of Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the Weeding of Corn.

Idem p. 36.

*The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Sooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by *Monf. le Blanc*. This
Mon-

Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portuguese* from those that Worship'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been 'made of the same Ingredients, with which Sea-Men use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

Idem p. 37.

The Rage in them like Boute-feus.

Boute-feus, is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

Idem p. 42.

'Tis sung there is a Valiant Mammaluke.

Mammaluke's the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Egypt*, It signified a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from among the *Christians*, and instructed in Military Discipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, besides that the *Sultans* were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the most Important Offices of the Kingdom; they were

were formidable about 200 Years, till at last *Selim*, Sultan of the *Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan* near *Aleppo* 1516, and so put an end to the Empire of the *Mammalukes*, which had lasted 267 Years, *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

Idem p. 43.

Honour is like a Widow won.

Our *English* Proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose ;

He that Wooes a Maid, must seldom come in her fight,

But he that Wooes a Widow, must Woo her Day and Night ;

He that Wooes a Maid, must Feign, Lie, and Flatter,

But he that Wooes a Widow, must down with his Breeches and at her.

This Proverb being somewhat Immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have inserted in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, Entituled, the *Quakers Spiritual Court Proclaimed*, Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Physick ; where in the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an Eminent Quaker in London ; who would have had him to have married a Rich Widow, in whose House he lodged. In Case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promised *Hilkiah*

a Chamber *gratis*; the whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

Canto II. p. 47.

As Indian Britans are from Penguins.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a White Head, a *Penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the *British* Tongue: From whence (with other Words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are Originally deriv'd from the *Britans*.

Idem p. 57.

And though his Country-Men the Huns.

This Custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Am-
mianus Marcellinus*. *Hunni Semicruda cu-
jusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter
femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, sotu
calefaciunt brevi.* Pag. 686.

Id. Ibid.

--- *He 'spous'd in India,
Of Noble House a Lady gay.*

The story in *Le Blanc*, of a Bear that Married a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have
lost

lost their labour and observed nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

Idem p. 60.

*In Magick he was deeply read,
As he that made the Brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black-Art
As English Merlin for his heart.*

Roger Bacon and Merlin, see Collier's Dictionary.

Idem p. 61.

As Joan of France or English Mall.

Two Notorious Women, the last was known here by the Name of *Mall Cut-purse*.

Idem p. 62.

*They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
To swear by Hercules's Name.*

The Old Romans had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore Macrobius says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune, &c.*

Id. Ibid.

As stout Armida, bold Thalestris.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgel'd into Love by their Gallants.

Id. Ibid.

Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.

Penthesilea Queen of the *Amazons*, succeeded *Oriethya*; she carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and after having given Noble Proofs of her Bravery, was Kill'd by *Achilles*. *Pliny* saith, it was she that invented the Battel-Ax; If any one desire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read *Mr. Sanfon*.

Id. Ibid.

Of Gundibert, &c.

Gundibert is a feign'd Name made use of by *Sir William D'avenant*, in his Famous Epick Poem so called; wherein you may find also that of his Mistress. This Poem was design'd by the Author to be an Imitation of the *English Drama*; it being divided into Five Books, as the other is into Five Acts; the *Canto's* to be parallel of the Scenes, with this difference; that this is delivered Narratively, the other Dialogue-wise. It was usher'd into the World

World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobb's*, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, viz. Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*, which one would have thought might have prov'd a sufficient Defence and Protection against Snarling Criticks. Notwithstanding which, Four Eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Donne*,) publish'd several Copies of Verses to Sir *William's* Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Authors Friends, to be Reprinted with the Second Edition of Gundibert*, in 8vo. *Lond.* 1653. These Verses were as wittily answer'd by the Author under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of Gundibert, Vindicated from the Wit-Combat of Four Esquires, Clinias, Damætas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding*; Printed in 8vo. *Lond.* 1655. v. *Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.*

Idem p. 67.

What Oestrum, &c.

Oestrum is only a *Greek* Word for Madness, but signifies also a Gad-Bee, or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattel in the Summer, and makes 'em run about as if they were mad.

Idem p. 68.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Westminster-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Id. Ibid.

*When 'twas resolv'd by either House,
Six Members quarrel to espouse.*

The Six Members were the Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *Hollis*, Mr. *Hambden*, Sir *Arthur Haselrig*, and Mr. *Stroud*, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late Tumults; but the House voted against the arrest of their Persons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard to the House to demand them, but they having Notice withdrew.

Idem p. 70.

Make that Sarcasms Scandal true!

Abusive or insulting had been better, but
our

our *Knight* believ'd the Learned Languages more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

Idem. p. 74.

*And is indeed the self same Case,
With theirs that swore t' Et cæteras.*

The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy for observing of Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to Swear to Articles with &c.

Id. Ibid.

*Or the French League, in which Men vow'd,
To fight to the last drop of Blood.*

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the *Protestant Religion*, was the *Original*, out of which the *Solemn League and Covenant* here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both Sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters Swore every Man, to run one before

another in the way of Reformation. So did the *French* in the *Holy League*, to fight to the last drop of Blood.

Canto III. p. 105.

First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd.

Staying and Tailing are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Tho' they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

Idem p. 106.

Or like the late corrected Leathern Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

Pryn, *Bastwyck*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

Idem p. 114.

That old Pygmalion, &c.

Pygmalion King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Matgenus* or *Methres*, whom he succeeded and lived 56 Years, whereof he Reign'd 47. *Dido* his Sister was to have Governed with him, but it was pretended the Sub-

Subjects thought it not convenient; the married *Sichæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very Rich, wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was Punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

Idem p. 150.

By him that baited the Pope's Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James's* time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it That unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Pope's Bull Baited*.

Idem p. 152.

Canonical Crabat of Smec.

Smectymnus was a Club of 5 Parliamentary Holders-forth, the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves exprest, in that senseless and insignificant word; They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats. About the beginning of the Long-Parliament in the Year 1641, these Five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all Subscrib'd their Names; being *Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy,*

my, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smeſtymnuans*. They are Remarkable for another Pious Book, which they wrote some time after that, entitul'd, *The King's Cabinet Unlock'd*, wherein all the Chast and Endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pass'd betwixt his Majesty King Charles I. and his Royal Consort; are by these Painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answer'd with as much Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. Symonds, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and Rascally Invectives.

Idem p. 156.

So Cardinals they say do grope

At t'other End the New made Pope.

This relates to the Story of Pope Joan, who was call'd John VIII. *Platina* saith she was of *English* Extraction, but born at *Mentz*; who having Disguis'd her self like a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to *Athens*, where she made such Progress in Learning, that coming to *Rome*, she met with few that could equal her, so that on the Death of Pope *Leo IV.* she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with Child

Child by one of her Domesticks, her Travel came upon her, between the *Colossan* Theatre and *St. Clements*, as she was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the Place, having Sat two Years, one Month and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that for Shame of this, the Popes decline going through this Street to the Lateran; and, that to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is plac'd in the *Porphyry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the Youngest Deacon, through a Hole made for that Purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a Man, and Obnoxious to the Necessities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

Id. Ibid.

And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation, is a Word the *Knight* was Passionately in Love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

Idem

Idem p. 161.
Mere Disparata, &c.

Disparata, are things separate and unlike
from the *Latin Word Dispare*.

Some

SOME
Additional ANNOTATIONS
TO THE
FIRST PART.

• Canto I. p. 1.
When Civil Dudgeon, &c.

D*udgeon.* Who made the Alterations in the last Editions of this Poem I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse, and I cannot believe the Author would have chang'd a Word so proper in that Place, as *Dudgeon* is, for that of *Fury*, as it is in the last Editions; *To take in Dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront, a sort of Grumbling in the Gizard, and what is previous to Actual Fury.

Idem p. 4.
To make some think him Circumcis'd.

Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment, for the following Lines,

*And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a Profelyte, but for Claps.*

Are

Are thus changed ;

*And truly so, perhaps he was,
'Tis many a Pious Christian's case.*

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and gave a strange Reason why *Moses* impos'd the Law of Circumcision on the *Jews*, which, how untrue soever, I will give the Learned Reader an Account of, without Translation, as I find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my Worthy and Learned Friend Mr. *William Baxter*, the great Restoror of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; Quia pelliculâ imminuti sunt: quia Moses Rex Judæorum, cujus Legibus reguntur, negligentia quædam medicinaliter excisus est, & ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidâi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem quædam quæ incitâ Librarii exciderat reposuimus ex conjecturâ, uti & medicinaliter excisus pro medicinalis effectus quæ nihili erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Disaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyrâ Quintâ hæc habet; Constat omnia miracula certâ ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissimè disputant.

Idem p. 6.
Or Cerberus *himself*, &c.

Cerberus; A Name which Poets gave a Dog with 3 Heads, which they feign'd Door-Keeper of Hell, that caress'd the Unfortunate Souls sent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* ty'd him up, and made him follow. This Dog with 3 Heads denotes the Past, the Present, and the Time to come; which receive, and as it were devour all things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which shews that Heroick Actions are always Victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.

Idem p. 7.
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater.

Tycho Brahe, was an Eminent *Danish* Mathematician. Quer. in *Collier's Dictionary*, or elsewhere.

Id. Ibid.
Whatever Sceptick could enquire for.

Sceptick. *Pyrrho* was the chief of *Sceptick* Philosophers, and was at first, as *Apollodorus* saith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Driso*, and at last the Disciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India* to see the
Gymno-

Gymnosophists. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom, that there was neither Honesty, nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very Solitary, lived to be 90 Years Old, was highly Esteemed in his Country, and created Chief Priest. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophrastus*, about the 120 Olympiad. His Followers were called *Pyrrhonians*, besides which they were named the *Ephesicks*, and *Aphoreticks*, but more generally *Scepticks*. This Sect made their chiefest Good to consist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions and moderating their Passions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metriopathia*, and in suspending their Judgment in regard of Good or Evil, Truth or Falshood, which they called *Epochi*. *Sixtus Empiricus*, who liv'd in the Second Century under the Emperour *Antoninus Pius*, writ ten Books against the Mathematicians, or Astrologers, and three of the *Pyrrhonian* Opinion. The Word is derived from the Greek *ἐπιστήδω*, quod est considerare, speculari.

Idem p. 8.

*In School-Divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable, &c.*

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Seraphicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Vossii Etymolog.* *Baillet Jugemens de Scavant*, & *Possevin's Apparatus*.

Idem Ibid.

*A second Thomas, or at once
To name them all, another Duns.*

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Fryar, was born in 1224. studied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modell'd the School-Divinity, and was therefore, called the *Angelick Doctor* and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope *John XXII*. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the thirteenth and Beginning of the fourteenth Century. The *English* and *Scots* strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The *English* say he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* allege he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called

led *Dunscotus*; *Moreri*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at *Cologne* *Novemb.* 8th 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary Learned, in *Physicks*, *Metaphysicks*, *Mathematicks*, and *Astronomy*; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures; that when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the Immaculate Conception of the B. Virgin; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such as were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of *Thomas Aquinas's* Doctrine; and for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also that an old Punster always call'd him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Id. Ibid.

As tough as Learned Sorbonist.

Sorbon was the first and most considerable College of the University of *Paris*; founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis*, by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is sometimes given

given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemagne*, at the Persuasion of the Learned *Alcuines*, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very Famous. This College has been Rebuilt with an Extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of the Cardinal *Richlieu*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the Society of *Sorbon*. Those which are received among them before they have received their Doctors Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. *Paris*. Spondan. in Annal.

Idem p. 14.

So Learned *Taliacotius* from.

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he Dedicates to his great Master, wherein he not only declares the Methods of his Wonderful Operations, in Restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poëtica Licentiâ*) has taken this *Simile*.

Id. Ibid.

For as Æneas bore his Sire.

Æneas was Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus* was made King of *Latium*, and Reigned 3 Years; his Story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Æneids*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his Aged Father *Anchises* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies: but being too Sollicitous for his Son and Household Gods, he lost his Wife *Crensa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his Excellent Translation thus expresseth,

Haste, my Dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)

And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.

What, e'er befalls, your Life shall be my care

One Death, or one Deliverance we will share.

My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you

My Faithfull Consort, shall our Steps pursue.

Idem

Idem p. 17.

For Arthur wore in Hall.

Who this *Arthur* was , and whether any ever Reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very Day. However, the History of him which makes him one of the Nine Wonders of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be Pleasant upon.

Idem p. 18.

——— *Toledo trusty.*

The Capital City of *New-Castile* in *Spain*, with an Archbishoprick and Primacy : It was very Famous , amongst other things, for tempering the best Metal for Swords , &c. as *Damascus* was , and perhaps may be still.

Idem p. 25.

As three or four-legg'd Oracle.

Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

Idem p. 26.

Or Sir Agrippa ———

They who would know more of *Sir Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the great Dictionary.

Id. Ibid.

*He Anthropolophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood.*

Anthropolophus is only a compound Greek Word, which signifies a Man that is Wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by some Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an *English Rosycrucian*, whose Works are Extant, and as Intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

Idem p. 42.

'Tis sung there is a Valiant Mammaluke.

No Question but the Rhime to *Mammaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface, Vid. p. 172. of the foregoing Annotations.

Canto II. p. 46.

*That is to say, whether Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succussion.*

Tollutation and *Succussion*, are only Latin Words for Ambling and Trotting, tho I believe both were natural amongst the Old Romans; since I never read, they made use of the Tramel, or any other Art to pace their Horses.

The

Idem p. 47.

The dire Pharfalian Plain, &c.

Pharfalia is a City of *Thessaly*, Famous for the Battel won by *Julius Cæsar* against *Pompey* the Great in the Neighbouring Plains, in the 607 Year of *Rome*; of which read *Lucan's Pharfalia*.

Idem p. 50.

Chiron, that four-legg'd Bard, &c.

Chiron, a *Centaure* Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, lived in the Mountains, when being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the Famossest Physicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æsculapius*, and was afterwards *Achilles's* Governour, until being Wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius* or the *Archer*.

Id. Ibid.

*In Staffordshire, where Virtuous Worth
Does raise the Ministresy, not Birth, &c.*

The whole History of this Ancient Ceremony, you may read at large in *Dr. Plat's History of Staffordshire*, under the Town *Tutbury*.

Idem

Idem p. 51.

Grave as the Emperour of Pegu.

For the History of *Pegu*, read *Mandefso* and *Olearius's Travels*.

Idem p. 52.

In Military Garden Paris.

Paris Garden in Southwark, took its Name from the Possessor.

Idem p. 55.

Though by Promethean Fire made.

Promethean Fire. *Prometheus* was the Son of *Japetas*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feign'd, that having first formed Men of the Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Heaven, to put Life into them; and that having thereby displeased *Jupiter*, he Commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucasus* with Iron Chains, and that a *Vultur* should prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, that *Prometheus* was an *Astrologer*, and constant in observing the Stars upon that Mountain, and that among other things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun Beams in a Glass. *Bochart* will

will have *Magog* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans*.

He here and before Sarcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the *Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve*; which were in great Repute. in those Days, and much promoted by the Great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a *Treatise ex professo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out of the World.

Idem p. 56.

'And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred.

Cossacks are a People that live near *Poland*. This Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness; for *Cosa* or *Kosa* in the *Polish* Tongue, signifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *La Labreur* and *Thuldenus*.

Canto III. p. 141.

*For as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, &c.*

Pantaloons and *Port-Canons*, were some of the Fantastick Fashions, wherein we Ap'd the *French*.

*At quisquis Insulâ satus Britannicâ,
Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,*

*Ut more finisæ laboret fingere,
 Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
 Ex amne Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium,
 Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,
 Sic Dii jubere, fiat ex Gallo Capus.*

Tho. More.

Gallus is a River of *Phrygia*, rising out of the Mountains of *Celenæ*, and discharging it self into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madneſs; but largely drank, it makes Men Frantick. *Pliny, Horrarius.*

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 16. l. 20. r. *their*. p. 26. l. 6. r. *That*. l. 14. r. *Rope*.
 p. 27. l. 13. r. *Forest*. p. 40. l. 2. r. *To*. p. 45. l. 11 r. *Va-*
lours. l. 13. r. *Wild*. p. 49. l. 17. r. *Dispose*. l. 18. r. *Knot of*
Noose. l. 22. r. *Source*. p. 58. l. 5. r. *Inur'd*. p. 63. l. 5. r. *Re-*
noun'd. p. 64. l. 10. r. *Ram*. p. 66. l. 9. r. *From*. p. 67. l. 14. r.
and. l. 22. d. *we*. p. 69. l. 9. r. *Old Boots and Shoes*. p. 70. l. 2.
 r. 100. p. 72. r. *twice many*. p. 75. r. *Meazl'd*. p. 84. l. 20. r.
Felt. p. 88. l. 9. r. *Peft*. p. 102. l. 17. r. 100.



